HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XX.—No. 1022.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1876. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1876, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE NEW ALLIANCE.

"We stand here for Retrenchment, and *Reducing the Army of the United States.*"

HARPER'S WEEKLY
FOR THE
PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN
AND
THE CENTENNIAL.

JULY 1 to NOVEMBER 11, inclusive, 20 WEEKS, FOR $1 50.
POSTAGE PREPAID.

The Publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY invite attention to the liberal terms on which this journal will be supplied to subscribers during the important political campaign upon which the country has just entered.

The course of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be such as to maintain the popular confidence it has acquired as a faithful exponent of enlightened political sentiment and opinion. Its hearty support is pledged to the nominees of the Cincinnati Convention, and to the principles and aims of the Republican party as set forth in the Cincinnati Platform and exemplified by its policy since its organization. The great political questions of the day, the momentous issues to be decided at the polls next November, will nowhere be more fully presented and discussed than in its columns; while the salient features of the campaign will be amply illustrated with cartoons and sketches by NAST and other well-known artists.

The Publishers also invite attention to the splendid series of Centennial illustrations which have appeared in the WEEKLY since the opening of the great International Exhibition at Philadelphia. The illustrations which have already appeared comprise plans of the grounds and buildings; bird's-eye views of Philadelphia and the Centennial grounds; portraits of the men connected with the management of the Exhibition; sketches of the opening and other interesting events, and of scenes within and around the various buildings; views of the buildings and many of the interesting objects on exhibition in the American and foreign departments; humorous character-sketches, etc. A large corps of experienced and skillful draughtsmen is constantly engaged in furnishing the WEEKLY with these illustrations; and when the doors of the Exhibition close, the pages of the WEEKLY will have presented a pictorial history of the great Centennial enterprise unequaled in fidelity, fullness, variety, and artistic excellence.

Address

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE,
NEW YORK.

Persons desiring to have HARPER'S WEEKLY from the opening of the Centennial Exhibition (May 10, 1876), previous to the first of July, can obtain it by remitting ten cents for each of the back numbers.

The Circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY is over 120,000 Copies per Week.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1876.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains the Pictorial Autobiography of*

SITTING BULL,

the famous Sioux Chief, edited by PORTE CRAYON, *and illustrated with fac-simile engravings from the Chief's own drawings.*

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE LETTER OF GOVERNOR HAYES.

THE letter of Governor HAYES was expected with very great and peculiar interest, and it is thoroughly satisfactory. Clear, sagacious, and courageous, no one can read it without the conviction that it is the word of a man who fully comprehends the political situation, and whose sympathies and purposes are those of all sincerely patriotic citizens. It is not the utterance of a dextrous politician, intended to mean all things to all men. It is the declaration of an experienced and honest public man with no embarrassing record. It appeals to the general intelligence and patriotism of the country, and gives the final proof of its sincerity in the distinct declaration that its author will put himself beyond all temptation to pursue any other course than that he indicates by declining, under all circumstances, to be a candidate for a second term. There is a great number of voters who have become singularly independent of party lines, and who are quite enough to determine the election, who, although inclined to the Republican party as the safest with which to trust the government, were this year resolved not to support it unless they should be satisfied that there would be a change of administrative tone and methods if Governor HAYES should be elected. His frank and manly letter will be conclusive with them. It shows that upon the three great questions of this election—administrative reform, the currency, and the Southern situation—he holds the soundest views, and that his Administration would be the pledge of public honesty, economy, and national prosperity and tranquillity such as could be expected under no other auspices.

The financial position of Governor HAYES is that of the hero of the hard-money fight in Ohio last year. He regards all the laws relating to the payment of the public indebtedness as moral obligations of the government, to be kept in full faith; there can be no industrial or business confidence while there is general uncertainty, and uncertainty can end only by the resumption of specie payments. The longer the present instability of the money system continues, the worse for every body, and, if elected, he will approve every appropriate measure to secure resumption, with no backward steps. Governor HAYES approves the proposition of a constitutional amendment to secure the school system every where against sectarian control. His view of a Southern policy is that the welfare of that part of the country depends upon a hearty and generous recognition of the rights of all by all. This once secured, the general government will properly aid by all legitimate agencies the efforts of the Southern States for honest local government.

These are the precise positions upon these cardinal questions that we have steadily maintained. And upon the other great issue, that of administrative or civil service reform, the words of Governor HAYES are so brave, wise, incisive, and satisfactory that they alone would prove his peculiar fitness for the Presidency at this time. He states strongly and most justly the existing evil and its legitimate consequences. They have never been more strongly stated in these columns. What Governor HAYES says upon the subject can not be too often read or deeply pondered by those who are earnestly resolved upon the elevation of our political life:

"More than forty years ago a system of making appointments to office grew up, based upon the maxim, 'To the victors belong the spoils.' The old rule, the true rule, that honesty, capacity, and fidelity constitute the only real qualifications for office, and that there is no other claim, gave place to the idea that party services were to be chiefly considered. All parties in practice have adopted this system. It has been essentially modified since its first introduction. It has not, however, been improved. At first the President, either directly or through the heads of departments, made all the appointments, but gradually the appointing power in many cases passed into the control of members of Congress. The offices in these cases have become not merely rewards for party services, but rewards for services to party leaders. This system destroys the independence of the separate departments of the government. It tends directly to extravagance and official incapacity. It is a temptation to dishonesty; it hinders and impairs that careful supervision and strict accountability by which alone faithful and efficient public service can be secured; it obstructs the prompt removal and sure punishment of the unworthy; in every way it degrades the civil service and the character of the government. It is felt, I am confident, by a large majority of the members of Congress to be an intolerable burden and an unwarrantable hinderance to the proper discharge of their legitimate duties. It ought to be abolished. The reform should be thorough, radical, and complete. We should return to the principles and practice of the founders of the government, supplying by legislation, when needed, that which was formerly the established custom. They neither expected nor desired from the public officers any partisan service. They meant that public officers should give their whole service to the government and to the people. They meant that the officer should be secure in his tenure as long as his personal character remained untarnished and the performance of his duties satisfactory. If elected, I shall conduct the administration of the government upon these principles, and all constitutional powers vested in the Executive will be employed to establish this reform. The declaration of principles by the Cincinnati Convention makes no announcement in favor of a single Presidential term. I do not assume to add to that declaration; but, believing that the restoration of the civil service to the system established by WASHINGTON and followed by the early Presidents can be best accomplished by an Executive who is under no temptation to use the patronage of his office to promote his own re-election, I desire to perform what I regard as a duty in stating now my inflexible purpose, if elected, not to be a candidate for election to a second term."

No candidate for the Presidency has ever spoken more wisely and hopefully, or more in the spirit of WASHINGTON and of the patriots whose names are very familiar to us in this year.

Nor are these opinions of Governor HAYES made for this occasion. A singularly shrewd and just man, he has long seen the great evil of our political situation. In Congress he was one of the trusty and sagacious advisers and friends of Mr. JENCKES in his crusade against the monstrous system, and as Governor of Ohio he has by word and act shown his disregard of mere partisanship as a "claim" to office. In his inaugural address as Governor, on the 10th of July, 1870, Mr. HAYES treated the subject with great intelligence and force. He said that the evils of the system in State affairs were perhaps of small moment as compared with those that exist under it in the business of the national government, but they would soon become serious in the State. In speaking of the radical reform then proposed, he stated that its introduction would be attended with difficulties. "But in revising our State Constitution, if this object is kept constantly in view, there is little reason to doubt that it can be successfully accomplished." In a speech at Glendale, Ohio, on the 4th of September, 1872, in his Congressional canvass, Governor HAYES took the strongest ground upon the subject, and in very much the same words that he now employs. After referring to the bills of Senator TRUMBULL and Mr. JENCKES, and to the speeches of Hon. AARON F. PERRY, of the First Ohio District, which we know to have been most admirable, Governor HAYES concluded as in his present letter: "We ought to have a reform of the system of appointments to the civil service thorough, radical, and complete." These facts were known to some, at least, of the delegates in the Cincinnati Convention, who in voting for Governor HAYES voted with all their hearts, knowing him to be not only in perfect sympathy with the wisest sentiment of the country in regard to hard money, the Southern policy, and administrative reform, but to be a man of such sincerity and singleness of purpose that his principles would shape his policy. If any voter has felt that he did not know the Republican candidate, he will feel so no longer. His character and career are the earnest that his letter says only what he thinks and means.

THE MAN THE PLATFORM.

ONE of the just sayings of the campaign is that the man is the platform. It is one certainly with which Republicans are satisfied, for they are perfectly willing to trust their cause either to the character and career of their candidates, or to the principles, traditions, and general conduct of their party. And it is a standard to which they will unquestionably hold the Democratic candidates and party. If, then, the Democratic candidate be accepted as the platform, it is worth while to scan his political character. For almost the whole of his political life, which covers more than a generation, Mr. TILDEN was a Democratic politician without office, giving his countenance, through the later days before the war, to his party policy of deprecating antislavery agitation, instead of denouncing the policy of slavery extension as the real cause of national trouble. During the war he was one of the Democrats who, by professing alarm for the security of liberty, helped the triumph of slavery, and who, by declaring indispensable measures to save the Constitution unconstitutional, furthered its overthrow. He wrote letters and promoted publications which could have no other effect than to chill patriotic feeling and paralyze patriotic endeavor, to make those at home reluctant to give money, and to discourage and defeat the soldiers in the field. He was an active member of the Chicago surrender Convention of 1864, of which VALLANDIGHAM was a master-spirit, and which nominated Mr. PENDLETON, a frank "peace man," for Vice-President. Mr. TILDEN was one of the platform committee, and although an anxious friend now asserts that the platform did not express his sentiments, Mr. TILDEN himself said at the time, "I wish to add that upon the adjournment of the General Committee [a sub-committee had the platform to put into proper form] there was no dissent among the members;" and Mr. WELLER, of California, said, "We are all in favor of peace." And what "peace" meant at that time in a Democratic Convention, the country knows. If his fellow-citizens in New York had followed the counsels and the example of Mr. TILDEN, the government would have been overthrown, the Union dissolved, and popular institutions hopelessly dishonored. The man is the platform.

Fortunately the patriotism of the country was of another kind, and the Republican party, the formation of which Mr. TILDEN had decried as a political blunder or crime, saved the Union, the government, and liberty under popular forms. Then came the legislation of reconstruction, and Mr. TILDEN was a conspicuous member of the National Democratic Convention of 1868, which declared the measures of reunion unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void. No anxious friend now asserts that he did not agree with this declaration, and he certainly did not protest at the time. Meanwhile Mr. TILDEN had become chairman of the Democratic State Committee. He held that position during the TWEED ascendency in the party, the most infamous political epoch in the history of the State and country. The notorious electoral frauds of 1868, which the late editor of the *World* denounced as of his own knowledge, were committed under cover of a circular sent out in Mr. TILDEN'S name as chairman. His signature, it now appears, was forged. In his pamphlet, "The New York City Ring," published in 1873, Mr. TILDEN absolutely denies that he had any knowledge of the frauds or gave them any aid whatever. But that is not the point. The point is that he was so utter and blind a partisan politician that he did not see that his character as a citizen and his honor as a man required the promptest and most thorough disclaimer and explanation. The frauds took place in 1868. His pamphlet was published in 1873, after the TWEED Ring, with which, as chairman of the committee, he had co-operated, was totally destroyed. But while the TWEED power was supreme Mr. TILDEN did not publicly denounce the monstrous forgery which made him the active accomplice of TWEED in his worst crimes. And in the following year Mr. GREELEY called him publicly and personally to account for his silence, which covered the frauds "with the mantle of your respectability," and "on the principle that the receiver is as bad as the thief," implicated him, as Mr. GREELEY said, as deeply as TWEED; and still Mr. TILDEN held his peace. The man is the platform.

It was not until the summer of 1871 that the TWEED crimes were conclusively exposed. In the mean time TWEED had virtual control of his party in the State, nominating its Governor at the State Conventions, at which Mr. TILDEN, as chairman, appeared, calling them to order, denouncing the Republican centralization and tyranny, and lending his countenance and "the mantle of his respectability" to TWEED and his crew. We are asked what we would have, whether a man ought to leave his party because there are rascals in it, whether the party is not more than a man, and other familiar questions. The reply is obvious and final. TWEED was not an ordinary "bummer." He was a dangerous and unscrupulous criminal. His mastery of his party was as notorious as it was shameful. And the duty of a "reform" Democrat was to denounce and oppose his ascendency at all hazards to himself and his party. As we have said substantially before, if there had been a TWEED in Ohio, and during the whole period of his malign control Governor HAYES had been chairman of the TWEED party committee, permitting his name to be forged to infamous TWEED circulars without protest, opening TWEED conventions with speeches denouncing Republican misrule, sustaining and advocating TWEED nominations made by him for his own purposes, never openly, frankly, conspicuously, and vigorously taking ground against TWEED, and risking party success to secure his defeat and overthrow, and if, when the final exposure began, Governor HAYES had hesitated and held back to make sure that TWEED would not get upon his legs again, or the party be injured, the suggestion that

HAYES was a reformer in politics, or any thing else than the blindest and most hopeless of mere party politicians, would be properly received by the country with the utmost scorn. Yet all this is what Mr. TILDEN has done. The man is the platform.

It is conceded on all sides that Mr. TILDEN is unsurpassed as an "organizer," that is, he is master of all the small arts and "machinery" of political management which enable an adroit manager to make his own personal purposes appear to be the will of his party. A natural taste for politics, and long training in the party machine, with his position and opportunities as chairman of the State Committee, made it possible for Mr. TILDEN to secure the nomination to the Governorship in 1874. The time was favorable, chiefly in the growing Republican discontent and distrust, and he was elected by a great majority. Mr. TILDEN is shrewd. He knew that the remarkable results of the elections of that year throughout the country were due not to preference of the Democratic party, but to Republican dissatisfaction. He saw that the sole hope of continued Democratic advance lay in the possibility of associating some reputation of reform with the party. He therefore decided to pursue the canal contract frauds, a repetition of which had, however, been made impracticable in the same form by the amendments of the State Constitution just adopted. In this purpose he was supported by the best Republican sentiment and many of the Republican papers in the State, *Harper's Weekly* among them. Those who follow public affairs in New York, however, know very well that it was soon evident that the canal campaign was a partisan and personal movement, intended to secure for the Governor the nomination to the Presidency. Report followed report as the election of last year approached, and Mr. TILDEN was magnified as the reform Governor. He alienated some of the chiefs of his party. But that was necessary to his apparent purpose. He could not remain friendly with them and be nominated for President. The war upon the canal frauds became a war for the nomination. Now it is certainly fair for a political aspirant to insist upon honest administration, and to trust to the people to recognize and reward his service. But Mr. TILDEN is an "organizer," and he has as much trust in the people as other Democratic politicians. He labored as sedulously—if Democrats may be believed—to "manufacture public opinion" and to "secure" the nomination as any ward politician to obtain an office. If his nomination at St. Louis were the spontaneous action of a free party, and Mr. TILDEN, with no effort of his own, had been summoned by a part of the people to the Presidency for his signal services to reform, as General WASHINGTON was called by the whole people for his unselfish services in war and in peace, his position would be simple and beyond cavil. But it is in no degree such a position. Except for his skill as a manager and an organizer, he would not have been nominated; and his service to reform was, however honest in itself, part of the machinery to secure the nomination. One striking proof of this is that the party which nominates him is in no sense and nowhere a party of reform, and that he was urgently supported by some of the most notorious political traders in the country. He is a reformer as MARTIN VAN BUREN would have been in his place. When, where, how, has the chairman of the New York Democratic Committee during TWEED'S ascendency showed disgust with the spirit or distrust of the ordinary methods of machine politics and politicians? How is he more of a "reformer," except as upon a larger theatre, than Mr. JOHN KELLY? Mr. TILDEN refuses to pay fraudulent rates to canal contractors, and has brought one offender to punishment. Mr. KELLY refuses to pay fraudulent rates to city laborers, but has no authority to bring to punishment. Is Mr. KELLY a "reformer?" Is he not merely a maladroit Democratic politician, while Mr. TILDEN is adroit? The man is the platform.

Mr. TILDEN has been called also a hard-money man, and he has certainly expressed himself decidedly upon the subject. But when Mr. ALLEN was last year the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, upon a platform of repudiation and soft money, and when his success would undoubtedly have made inflation the Democratic platform, when the whole country was aroused by the consciousness that the crucial battle was fighting, and the interest was greater than in any previous State election, and the vote cast was larger than any ever before known in Ohio, the hard-money reformer of New York, Governor TILDEN, openly declared his wishes for Democratic success. Congress having given the pledge of a solemn act to resumption at a fixed future date, the hard-money reformer Mr. TILDEN'S friends propose the repeal of the pledge, without any substitution, as a bid for the soft-money Democratic vote. And having done that, the hard-money Mr. TILDEN is nominated in company with Mr. HENDRICKS, a soft-money trimmer, who declares his especial satisfaction with the proposed repeal of the pledge. This is, of course, merely desperate balancing upon a very slack rope. It is the painful contortion of a street politician. Is this a hard-money reformer? Is this what the seekers of honest politics and honest money desire? But this is Governor TILDEN. The man is the platform.

He is fairly entitled to all the credit and advantage which belong to a magistrate who has pursued rogues. But the feeling with which his conduct is regarded becomes very different when his purpose appears to have been selfish and personal, and when his action is seen to have been steadily directed to the gratification of his own ambition. Independence, liberty, and union are very sacred and precious. But if WASHINGTON and LINCOLN had not devoted themselves to those great causes with the purest patriotism and absolute forgetfulness of self, we should probably have acknowledged the service, but we should have felt that it was bought with a price, like NAPOLEON'S.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

IN his dismal speech at Albany, upon the evening of his nomination, Governor TILDEN described our national condition as well-nigh hopeless. Indeed, he would probably consider it utterly hopeless if a beneficent Providence had not provided a good angel for our relief, "'which his name,'" said Mrs. Gamp, 'is'" ——. Governor TILDEN lugubriously declares, although the other orators of the Fourth, Mr. ADAMS, Mr. EVARTS, Dr. STORRS, and Mr. WINTHROP, were not of his opinion, that "our Centennial product is the evils, licenses, and wrongs to escape which our ancestors abandoned their homes in the Old World, and planted themselves in a wilderness." He says, also, that the office-holding class have become numerous, powerful, and unscrupulous." Governor TILDEN'S remedy is, of course, his own election to the Presidency, and the restoration of the Democratic party under the name of reform. But it was Governor TILDEN'S political teachers who were the most active agents of the mischief. What has vitiated the office-holding class and corrupted politics, if not the monstrous doctrine of Governor TILDEN'S political and party parent, Governor MARCY, that to the victor belong the spoils of his enemy, and that all minor national offices are the fair plunder of the successful party or party faction?

This is the root of the evil that the Governor deplores, and this was planted by those who politically trained him, and whose traditions he has faithfully followed. Forty and fifty years ago, when the Governor was a young Democrat, the great Democratic party was virtually absolute in administration. The Governor thinks the Republican official tone is low and alarming. But let him be encouraged. Low as it may be, the Democratic, even more than forty years ago, was still lower. His predecessor, Governor MARTIN VAN BUREN, wrote, in 1828, to a Democratic friend who afterward stole more than a million of dollars from the government, that it was not enough to have sufficient votes for JACKSON;

> "It is important that we have some over on the score of bets."

In February, 1829, just before he became JACKSON'S Secretary of State, Governor VAN BUREN wrote:

> "MARCY was so situated that I must make him a judge, or he would be exposed."

Again Governor VAN BUREN writes:

> "The result of my success will be that you'll be District Attorney and SHERMAN clerk."

Mr. Postmaster CODDINGTON, of New York, opposes Mr. Collector SWARTWOUT'S appointment by President JACKSON, because he has "no claims." The place

> "should have been HOYT'S. OGDEN will go to Liverpool. You will recollect this was promised to CAMBRELENG."

Mr. Postmaster CODDINGTON says that this kind of thing will not do, and will lead to the formation of a new party, in which, of course, the plunder would be more righteously divided. Mr. Collector SWARTWOUT, who was Collector of New York for nearly ten years, and finally fled to South America, having defrauded the government of one million two hundred and five thousand and thirty-five dollars and sixty cents, writes from Washington, on the very day of his appointment, to his successor, Mr. Collector HOYT:

> "Whether or not I shall get any thing in this mad scramble for plunder remains to be seen, but with the hold I have on the old man, I rather guess I will. I have a big thing in my eye. It's as rich as a gold mine."

Mr. HOYT, not yet Collector, but perfectly "willin'," writes, a little later, to Mr. Secretary of State VAN BUREN:

> "For my political education I am mainly indebted to you, and I have learned that politics is a matter of dollars and cents, and adherence to party the only hope of gain.... You are aware my fidelity and faithfulness have benefited you.... I may say here that I have been promised your aid, and that I have strong claims on you as a party man and a personal friend."

Mr. Attorney-General VAN BUREN, cousin of the Secretary, writes to Mr. HOYT, four or five years later:

> "Can you get any bets on the Governor, even? We shall lick the dogs so this time that the Great West will hear the howling."

This was, indeed, long ago. But these were the State leaders of the party, and these the practices under which young Democrats like Governor TILDEN were trained. It is true that this was long ago—in 1829 and 1834—and that there has been time to change. But in 1866 Mr. TILDEN writes to the "Hon. W. M. TWEED," begging

> "to present the case of Mr. SAMUEL ALLEN, a very old friend of ours, who is in great need of a small appointment under your department, for which he has applied. He would be content with something for a time of not a very high rank. You know him so well that I need add nothing. He used to be a very efficient and useful worker, and is an entirely reliable man, and I should be personally glad if you could help him."

This letter, except in its freedom from vulgarity, is such as any of those earlier Democrats from whom we have quoted would have written. It shows how fully and without question Mr. TILDEN acknowledged ten years ago the original Democratic doctrine that to the victor belong the spoils. This doctrine and the practice under it are prolific sources of a large part of "the evils, licenses, and wrongs" which he now bewails. Has he changed his opinions upon the subject? Does he renounce the traditions of his party? Does he agree with Governor HAYES? Will he, if elected, decline to remove or to appoint to the subordinate non-political offices, except for real and not partisan cause? If not, how can his election, which would then be merely a vast distribution of the "spoils of office" among his partisans, relieve the country of the evils which mainly spring from that very practice?

THE LATE COLONEL GARDNER.

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

"Referring to your editorial in the last number of the *Weekly* in defense of the loyalty of the late Colonel (afterward General) JOHN L. GARDNER, of the United States army, I have simply to say that the whole difficulty arises from the fact that I have been badly misquoted. I never stated that Colonel GARDNER was an '*original secessionist*.' There is not a paragraph in my *Reminiscences* that accuses him of disloyalty. What I did say was that he thought the South had been greatly wronged by the North; but this did not prevent him from preparing for the defense of Fort Moultrie. He wrote to head-quarters a statement in regard to the weakness of the post and the danger of an attack, and asked for specific instructions. He also forwarded requisitions for food and ammunition for the garrison.

"ABNER DOUBLEDAY,
"Brevet Major-General U.S.A.

"MENDHAM, NEW JERSEY, *July* 10, 1876."

PERSONAL.

MR. ISAAC H. BAILEY, of this city, who, besides being president of the Board of Charities and Correction, enjoys the higher function of ownership and editorship of the *Shoe and Leather Reporter*, has just had the incidental felicity of being presented with the original Master Humphrey's Clock, made immortal by DICKENS. The clock was recently purchased by the wealthy leather factors, GEORGE ANGUS & SON, of Newcastle and Liverpool, England, and by them sent to Mr. BAILEY, in whose office, at No. 17 Spruce Street, it will henceforth note the happy hours of Mr. BAILEY'S existence. The clock is a solid structure, with a dial two feet in diameter, and the hours are marked in yellow Roman numerals on a slate-colored ground. A massive pendulum swings beneath, and heavy weights move the works.

—A historical character in the West died a few days since at Dixon, Illinois, at the age of ninety-one—JOHN DIXON, a native of Rye, New York, who went to Illinois in 1828, and established what was known as Dixon's Ferry, now the city of Dixon. He was one of the original twelve founders of the American Bible Society. He was witness of many wars with the Sacs, Foxes, and Winnebagoes. His cabin became the resort of both Indians and whites—of BLACK HAWK, SCOTT, TAYLOR, LINCOLN, JEFF DAVIS, BAKER, and others, who were then officers in the volunteers. It was of his place that the famous Western song and chorus were written:

"Move your fam'ly West,
If good health you would enjoy-ee,
And cross at Dixon's Ferry,
To the State of Ill-e-nois.
CHORUS.—*M-o-o-ve* your fam'ly *West!*

"Your fam'ly's growin' old,
And they are mostly boy-ees;
And if you would enjoy good health,
Why, move to Ill-e-nois.
CHORUS.—M-o-o-ve your fam'ly *West!*"

—This curious "personal" occurs in a recent number of the Inverness *Courier*, under the head of "Births:" "At Whitehall Street, Glasgow, the wife of ALEXANDER POTTER COLQUHOUN (a lineal descendant of ROB ROY), of a daughter."

—Prince LEOPOLD was quite heartily received at Oxford University the other day, when he received the degree of D.C.L. with becoming modesty, and made a suitable reply. The gravity of the occasion was, however, completely upset by the under-graduates in the gallery, who, while the Prince was expressing his thanks to the Vice-Chancellor, struck up, "For he's a jolly good fellow, and so say all of us," completing the remainder of the chorus with, "It's a way we have in the 'Varsity;" and even the grave Vice-Chancellor could not help laughing, while the Prince was evidently much amused.

—The Duke of Bedford, eager to do something for BUNYAN, has presented to the trustees of Bunyan Chapel, Bedford, near which the statue of BUNYAN stands, a pair of bronze doors, on the panels of which are ten scenes taken from the *Pilgrim's Progress*. They were publicly exhibited on the 5th of July.

—CUSTER was the youngest major-general ever commissioned in any army of ancient or modern times, and was more rapidly promoted than any man in military history. In two years after he graduated from the Military Academy, he was in command of a division of an army, and received his commission as a major-general before he was twenty-three years old. He captured more cannon and flags than any man during the war.

—The Hon. G. W. GRIFFIN has been appointed consul to the Friendly Islands. This is a capital appointment. Mr. GRIFFIN will be likely to confer honor on his country by his faithful and earnest devotion to his duty. We trust to hear from him in the walks of literature, as we heard from his consulate at Copenhagen in his excellent book, *My Danish Days*.

—The signers of the Declaration of Independence were not old men. They averaged forty-five. JOHN HANCOCK, the president, was but thirty-nine years old. The six oldest representatives were BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, aged seventy; STEPHEN HOPKINS, aged sixty-nine; FRANCIS LEWIS, aged sixty-three; JAMES SMITH, aged sixty-three; MATTHEW THORNTON, aged sixty-two; and GEORGE TAYLOR, aged sixty. The seven youngest were THOMAS LYNCH, Jun., of South Carolina, aged twenty-seven; EDWARD RUTLEDGE, of South Carolina, aged twenty-seven; THOMAS HAYWARD, of South Carolina, aged thirty; ARTHUR MIDDLETON, of South Carolina, aged thirty-three; THOMAS JEFFERSON, of Virginia, aged thirty-three; ELBRIDGE GERRY, of Massachusetts, aged thirty-two; BENJAMIN RUSH, of Pennsylvania, aged thirty-one. Mr. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, of this city, a grandson of ELBRIDGE GERRY, is a lawyer in large practice, and is the possessor of the largest and best law library of any member of the bar in the United States. Although a gentleman of fortune and culture, he prefers the honors and pleasures of his profession to a life of merely elegant leisure.

—There were two or three incidents connected with the Centennial celebration in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, that in the future will themselves become historical. Mr. RICHARD HENRY LEE, who read the Declaration, is a grandson of the statesman who in the Continental Congress moved the resolution, "That these States are, and of right ought to be, free and independent." When Mr. LEE commenced to read, the Emperor of Brazil took from his pocket a well-worn pamphlet, which proved to be a fac-simile of the manuscript of the Declaration, and remarked to a gentleman near him, "I have had this for thirty years." He followed the text, sentence by sentence, as Mr. LEE read, and responded heartily to every patriotic sentiment. When Mayor STOKLEY first advanced with the original Declaration in a frame covered with glass, and held it up before the people, the cheering was immense. Another incident: When Mr. LEE reached the words "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," the new bell tolled out the hour of eleven, and the reading was suspended until it had finished striking. The hymn composed for the Centennial by Senhor GOMEZ, of Brazil, was then sung by request of the Emperor, and was received with tumultuous cheering.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The Belknap impeachment trial was resumed by the Senate on the 11th. The next day the case for the prosecution was closed, with the exception of taking the testimony of Evans and Fisher. The defense opened, and examined several witnesses.—On the 12th, Senator Hamlin presented the credentials of James G. Blaine, appointed United States Senator, in place of Lot M. Morrill, resigned. The House passed a resolution, from the Committee on Elections, declaring Mr. Darrall, the sitting member from Louisiana, entitled to the seat. The House unanimously passed a vote of censure on General Schenck for his connection with the Emma Mining Company. The ex-minister's conduct is characterized as ill-advised, unfortunate, and incompatible with the duties of his position.—On the 13th, the Senate ordered a new conference committee on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill. A resolution presented in the House by Mr. Mackey, of Pennsylvania, for the adjournment of Congress on the 25th of July, was referred. The House adopted the conference committee's report on the Silver Bill, by a vote of 127 to 75.

Postmaster-General Jewell and Commissioner of Internal Revenue Pratt resigned their offices on the 11th. On the following day Hon. James M. Tyner, of Indiana, was confirmed as the successor of Mr. Jewell.

Judge Thomas Settle has been nominated by the Republicans for Governor of North Carolina.

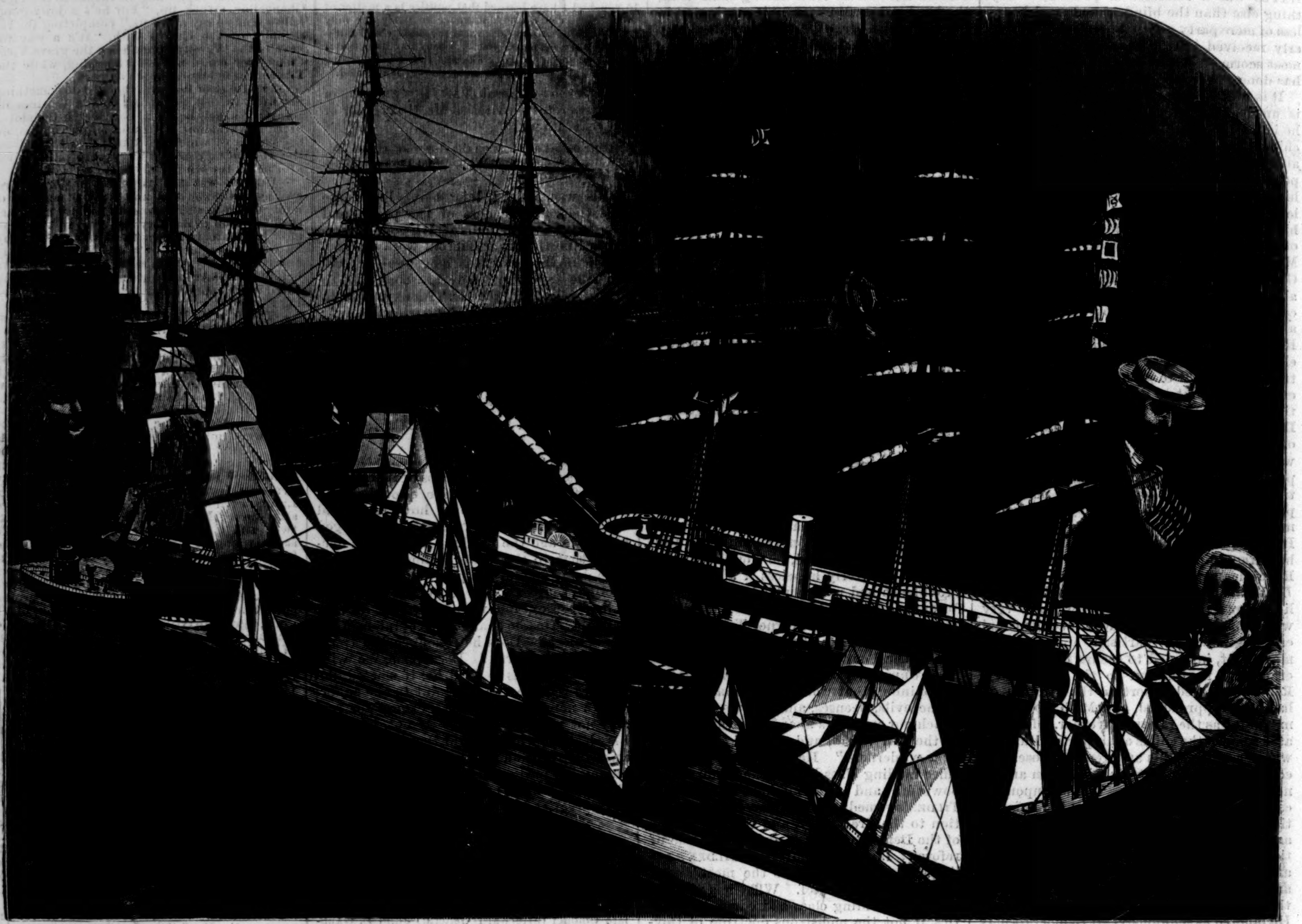
A significant political item reaches us from a correspondent in Kentucky. The writer says: "By referring to the map you will see that the town of Lawrenceburg is not far from the centre of the blue-grass region of Kentucky, and the county seat of Anderson, thirteen miles southeast of the capital of the State, twenty-four miles from the home of James Beck, and in the Eighth Congressional (M. J. Durham's) and the Seventeenth Judicial District. In this town, early on the morning of the Fourth of July, a regular Confederate States flag, with the names of Tilden and Hendricks, was suspended from the dome of the court-house, and from this elevated position has gracefully waved ever since."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ADVICES received from the Turkish army at Timok report an attack on the Servian position, on the 12th, lasting all day. The loss of life was very great, and both sides claim the victory. A dispatch to the London *Times* from Ragusa reports that another Turkish expedition against Kuchi was driven back, after fighting all day. It is stated that the Bashi Bazouks in the Tabarbazardick district of Bulgaria boastfully paraded a cart-load of the heads of murdered women and children. An official announcement is made that the Turkish government is again compelled to postpone the payment of the interest on the public debt.

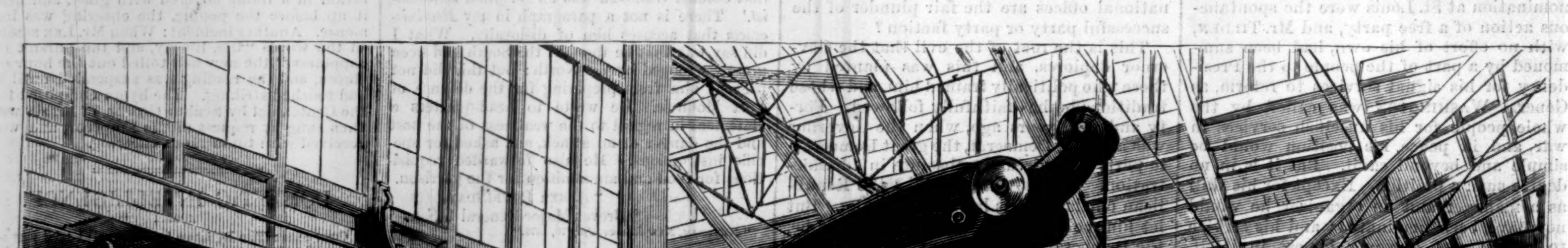
An official statement just made public by the French authorities shows that 249 Communists have been pardoned.

The forward boiler of the British iron-clad *Thunderer* exploded, on the 14th, during a trial trip in Stokes Bay. Twenty-five of the crew were killed and sixty wounded.



Monitor. Full-rigged Ship. Pilot-Boat. Frigate. Brig. Schooner Yacht. Sloop Yacht. Cat-Boat. Steam Frigate. Sail-Boat. Top-sail Schooner. Bark.

THE CENTENNIAL—MODELS OF A FLEET OF VESSELS IN MACHINERY HALL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 613.]



THE CENTENNIAL—THE CORLISS BEVEL-GEAR-CUTTING MACHINE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 613.]

THE CENTENNIAL.

THE CORLISS BEVEL-GEAR-CUTTING MACHINE.

SOME machines come into the world a little ahead of time. People merely stare at them, and they leave no lasting impression. Others come in the nick of time, and soon people wonder how they ever managed to do without them. Dr. PAPIN, of Blois, in France, proposed the pneumatic tubular dispatch about 176 years ago. He tried it in Auvergne and Westphalia, but the project died out. It now comes before us with all the appearance of novelty, and we are ready to use it. *Tempora mutantur, et mutamur in illis.*

WATT invented his steam-engine just in time, and BENTHAM, BRAMAH, MAUDSLAY, and CLEMENT made it possible to construct the engines he designed. The gear-cutting machine of MAUDSLAY was a great advance in its day, and its perforated index plate seems likely to maintain its place in all future machines.

The machine the subject of our illustration, on page 612, is an application of the planing-machine to the purpose of cutting teeth of bevel-gears, and has a special appropriateness near the great CORLISS engine at the Centennial, as the nests of under-ground mitre-gearing which transmit the power from the main shaft to the various aisles and avenues were cut by this machine.

The machine looms up large before us, as it well might, having to deal with the wheel (six feet in diameter) shown upon it in the act of being cut. This is a similar wheel to those used in the under-ground shafting, and weighs 3000 pounds, with a face length of tooth of fourteen and a half inches, and four inches depth of tooth.

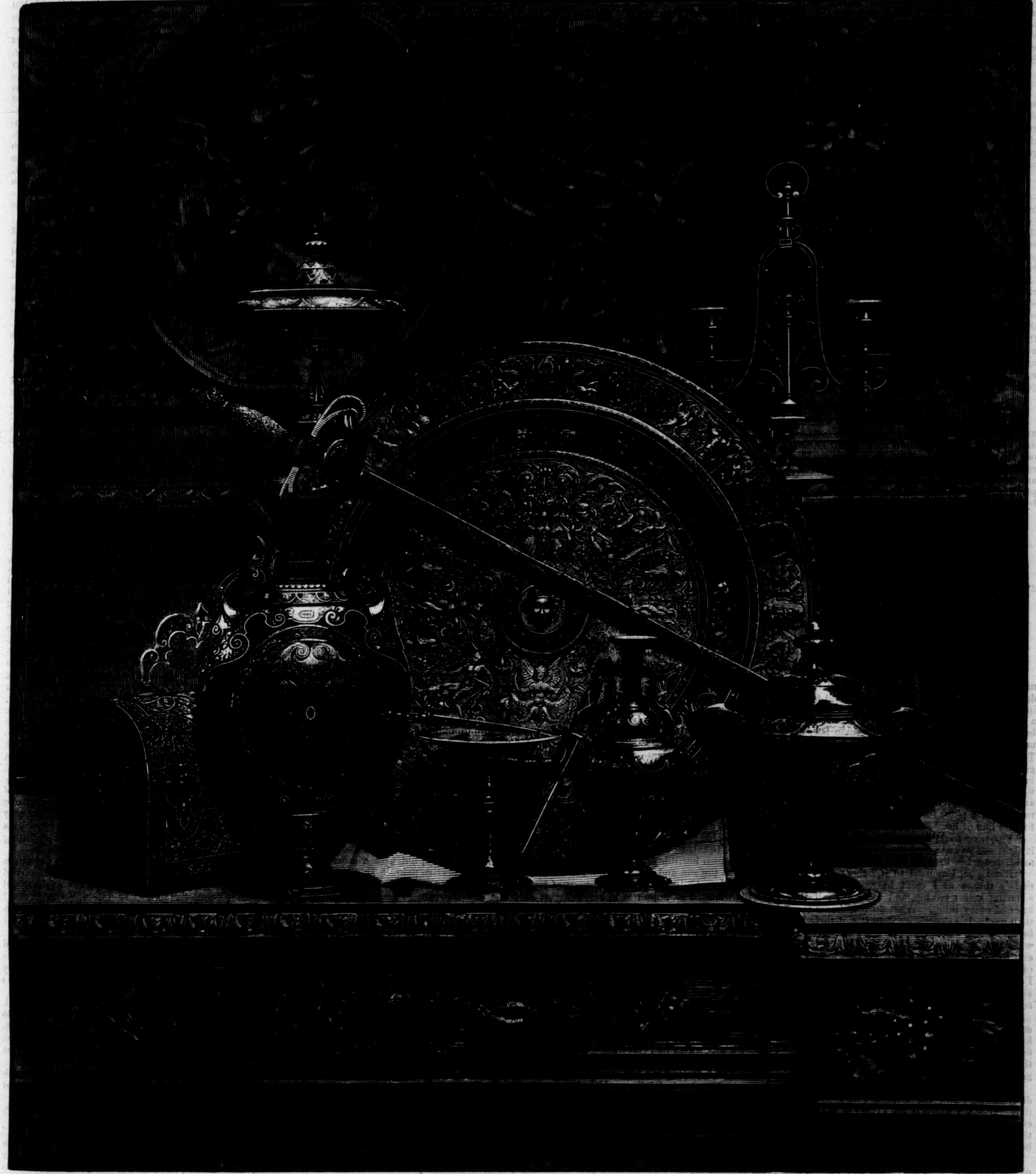
The machine has the appearance of a large quadrant, the vertical arm fourteen and a half feet high, and has also a horizontal arm, which is a mandrel carrying on its end the wheel to be cut. Midway between the vertical and the horizontal—as is the case when cutting bevel-gear having a face angle with its shaft of 45°, and known as *mitre-gear*—is an oblique arm which carries the cutter. It looks large enough to be a piece of ordnance with an elevation of an angle of 45°. This arm has beneath it the cutting tool, which is reciprocated by rack and pinion, its effective stroke being the downward. The arm oscillates on a centre coincident with the axis of the pinion which drives the planer bar.

The angle of this arm in the frame depends upon the angle of bevel to be cut, and the capacity of the machine may be said to range from 15° to 75°, though these are unusual ranges. Let us suppose it to be arranged to cut a mitre-wheel as shown in the cut. The adjustment for *angle of teeth* is complete.

The bevel-wheel, having been cast in the sand with its teeth approximately the shape required, is bored out and slipped on to the mandrel, where it is secured. On the rear end of this mandrel is the wheel, fifteen feet in diameter, seen on the left. This is graduated so that any proportion of a circle can be turned at a time, according as the wheel may be desired to have 60, 64, 120, 200, or any other number of teeth. In this particular case the number of teeth required on the wheel is 54, and one row of holes in the face of the wheel is 216 in number, so the wheel must be moved four holes for each successive tooth, and rigidly secured by pin and clamp before cutting. The adjustment for *number of cogs* is complete.

A flat plate of steel is made of exactly the contour of tooth required, certain invariable rules being observed in the shape, while certain other elements of proportion are variable, and must be determined by the *pitch*, or distance from centre to centre of cogs measured on a certain line, the radius of the wheel, and what not, so that the teeth shall roll nicely upon each other and not rub. This is a complex matter to determine, and then a delicate one to execute. This pattern of tooth is secured in the quadrantal or arch-shaped member of the frame, a mandrel on the end of the arm lying against it and slipping down against the pattern as the cutter is fed along down the tooth after each stroke, the pattern swerving the arm laterally to the necessary extent. This is the adjustment for *shape of teeth.*

The *cut of the tool* is adjusted by regulating the position of a pin of the feed motion to or from the centre of oscillation of an arm. At the end of each down stroke a shifting gear ships the belts, and a quick *gig-back* motion results, which



THE CENTENNIAL—DAMASCENE-WORK, SPANISH DEPARTMENT, MAIN BUILDING.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.]

is again shifted to the *feed* as the planer reaches the upper end of its stroke.

The conditions incident to a bevel-gear wheel, as to shape, relation to its counterpart wheel, and the nice adjustments necessary to a machine which shall fill all the requisitions of the case, would be out of place here; and yet justice can not be done to the subject by such a mere outline.

It is said that Mr. CORLISS, who patented this machine in 1849, takes more pride in it than in his great engine. It certainly involves more problems of mechanism, though it does not make so grand an appearance. Spectators generally seem to regard it as an enigma which they should be pleased to resolve, but they are either on their way to the engine, or have just left the engine with the remark, "Well, we can't stay here all day, there are so many things to see."

MODELS OF A FLEET OF VESSELS.

The upper engraving on page 612 shows the beautiful and interesting collection of marine models, which forms one of the most attractive groups in Machinery Hall, from the majestic full-rigged ship and man-of-war to the small and graceful sail-boat. The sub-title under each specimen renders further description needless.

DAMASCENE-WORK.

The art of ornamenting iron or steel by inlaying with gold, silver, or some other metal, which in the Middle Ages was carried to perfection in the city of Damascus, has been revived with great success in Milan, Paris, and Madrid within the present century. The Spanish department in the Main Building contains some splendid specimens of the art, from a celebrated manufactory at Madrid. The group shown on page 613 consists of some of the most elaborately ornamented articles, selected and arranged for *Harper's Weekly*, to give the reader an idea of the beauty and variety of the work, and the various uses to which it can be adapted. This style of ornamentation is chiefly used for adorning sword blades, guards, and the mountings of guns and pistols, but it can be applied in many other directions.

SKETCHES FROM OUR ARTIST'S NOTE-BOOK.

The Centennial attracts all the world, and our artists, in their wanderings through the grounds and buildings, find abundant material for humorous sketches as well as the more serious work of recording the progress of the several nations in art and industry. The fidelity of Mr. ABBEY'S pleasant sketches on page 620 will be recognized by every one who has made the Centennial tour.

CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD," "INNOCENT," "SQUIRE ARDEN," "THE PERPETUAL CURATE," "OMBRA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONSULTATION.

"YES, Miss Carry, if you like. Your dear mamma is falling into a doze, and I don't wonder, poor dear, after all those doctors a-poking and fingering. Oh, it turns my heart sick! If I don't get a breath of air I'll die. Sit in the corner, honey, behind the curtains. Don't you tease her, nor talk to her; if she wants any thing, ring the bell. There now, my darling, don't say as you haven't got your way.—How that child has worried to get into the room," said nurse, confidentially, as she went soft-footed and noiseless down stairs, with an anxious maid in attendance. "But a sick-room ain't a place for a child. It's bad enough for the like of me."

"Yes, poor soul! I can't think how you stand it night and day as you do," said Sarah, the housemaid, under her breath.

"Bless you, I'm used to it," she said; "but there's things as I can't bear. Them doctors a-staring and a-poking, and looking as if they knowed every thing. What do they know more than me? It's experience does it, not their Latin and their wise looks. I know well enough what they'll say—and I could have said it myself and welcome, 'stead of taking all that money out of master's pocket, as can't do good to nobody. I'd have said it as easy as they could—allowing as it's any good to say it, which is what I can't see."

"What is it, then, nursey?" said Sarah. "It seems awkward like, when fellows comes with kind inquiries, never to know no more nor the door you're opening. But I won't say a word," she added, contradictory but coaxing, "if you mind."

"I'll warrant as you won't," said nurse, and so disappeared down the kitchen stairs to snatch that cup of tea which is the saving of poor women. "And make it strong, do, or I can't go through with it much longer," she said, throwing herself into a chair.

This was some months after the home-coming of the invalid. Mrs. Beresford had rallied, and spent a pleasant Christmas with her friends round her once more, and she recovered her looks a little, and raised high hopes in all those who watched her so curiously. But just as spring began to touch the Square and the crocuses appeared, a sudden and rapid relapse had come on, and today there had been a consultation of the doctors of a kind which could not be mistaken, so deeply serious was it. They were in Mr. Beresford's study while nurse went down stairs, and he had just been called in solemnly from the next room to hear her fate, which implied his own. She had dropped into an uneasy sleep when her trial was over, too tired and worn out to be capable of more; and it was during this moment that nurse had yielded to Cara's entreaties, made through the half-open door. The child had not seen her mother all day, and her whole being was penetrated by the sense of anxiety and foreboding that was in the house. She had wandered up and down the staircase all the time the doctors had been about, and her little anxious face affected nurse with pity. It was the best thing for Cara to take the watch by her mother's side during this moment of suspense, as it was the best thing for nurse to get out of the sick-room and refresh herself with change. Nurse's heart was heavy too, but not with suspense. There had been no mystery to her in the growing illness. She was an "old-fashioned servant"—alas! of a very old-fashioned sort indeed; for few in any age, we fear, are those poetical retainers whose service is for duty, not for need. Nurse served not for duty, indeed—to which word she might have objected—for was it not the duty of them as she did any thing for to look after her, as much as hers to look after them?—but for love, which is a more effectual argument. She liked her good wages and her comforts, as an honest woman has a right to do, but she liked the "family" better still, and cared not very much for any other family, even that with which she was herself connected in the capacity of sister and aunt—for though she had been married, she had no children of her own. Mrs. Beresford had been her child; then, so long after, Cara. Her heart was concentrated in those two. But after this trial of the medical examination, which was almost as hard upon her as upon her mistress, nurse was very thankful to take advantage of that door, and escape for a little into the more cheerful world of the kitchen, with all its coming and going, and the cup of tea which Cook, sympathetic and curious, and very anxious to hear all that could be heard, made for her with such jealous care.

Thus little Cara stole in and established herself noiselessly in the corner by her mother's bedside, hidden by the curtains. Many and strange had been the thoughts in the child's head through these winter months, since her parents came home. She had lived a very quiet life for a child since ever she could remember, though it was a happy life enough; and the curious baby rigidity of the little code of morals which she had formed for herself had been unbroken up to that time. Cara had felt that whosoever did wrong ought to be hanged, beheaded, burned, or whatsoever penalty was practicable, at once, without benefit of clergy. A lie, being the worst possible offense that ever came within her ken, had been as murder in the swift and sudden vengeance of her thoughts. The offense had been considered capital, beyond the reach of pardon or extenuation. It is impossible to tell what horrible overthrow of all her canons ensued when her father and aunt not only sanctioned, but enforced, lying upon her, and boldly avowed their practice of it themselves as a duty. Cara had lost herself for a long time after that. She had wandered through that bottomless darkness for months, and now had only just come to a glimmering of daylight again by aid of the individual argument, that though truth was necessary for the world in general, modifications were permitted in cases where people were ill—in the case of mamma being ill, which was the immediate thing before her. It was the weak point in the world; but the thing was to accept it, not struggle against it, as guilt which was justified by necessity. Cara felt that there was one thing upon which more light would come as one grew older—a prospect which generally this little idealist treated with the contempt it deserves. Mamma would be better then, she thought, and the world get back into its due balance and equilibrium without any one being the worse. Probably now that time was soon approaching, now that the doctors had come and found what was the matter, and probably very soon, Cara hoped, the worst of all her difficulties would be removed; and upon this doubtful subject she would be able to get the opinion of the individual on whose behalf the others were defying Heaven with so much horrible daring of mamma herself, for whom the sun and moon were being made to stand still, and all the world was put out of joint for the time. This hope was in her thoughts as she took her seat in nurse's big, softly cushioned chair, which never creaked or made any noise, and sat there as still as a mouse, sometimes not unlike a mouse, peeping round the corner of the curtain at her charge, who lay half buried among the pillows which her restlessness had thrown into disorder, with little starts and twitches of movement, and now and then a broken moan. Worn as she was, there was still beauty in the face—white and sharpened with pain, with red hectic spots upon it, like stains on the half-transparent flesh. Her hair had been pushed away under a cap, which had come loose, and only half confined the soft golden brown locks, which had not lost their lustre; she had thrown out one arm from under the bedclothes, which lay on the white coverlet, an ivory hand, half visible only through the lace and needle-work of the sleeve. With what wondering awe and pity Cara looked at her—pity which was inexpressible, like all profound childish sentiments. Poor mamma! who suffered as she? for whom else did God permit the laws of truth to be broken? She was very fond of her beautiful mother, proud of her, and oh, so piteously sorry for her! Why should she be ill—she who hated it so much? Cara herself now and then was ill, and had to put up with it, without making any fuss. But mamma was different. The still child watched with a pity which was unfathomable and beyond the reach of words.

The room was very still; it was at the back of the house, looking out upon nothing but gardens; so quiet that you could not have thought you were within reach of the full torrent of London life. The little *pétillement* of the fire, the occasional soft falling of the ashes, the ticking of the small, soft-toned clock, were the only audible sounds. It was a warm spring afternoon, and but that Mrs. Beresford liked to see it, there was no need for a fire. It made the room warm and drowsy. How it was that, amidst all her confused and troubled thoughts, such a reflective child as little Cara should have got drowsy too, who can tell? The stillness and quiet were unusual to her. She was leaning back against nurse's chair, her feet curled up, her small frame entirely contained within it, her mother sleeping beside her, the room very still, with those soft rhythms of periodic sound. All at once she came to herself in a moment, after a lapse, the duration of which she knew nothing of. It was the sound of voices which roused her. Her mother speaking—her father, though how he got there she could not tell, standing, very haggard and pale, in front of the fire.

"You said you would tell me—oh, tell me the truth! I am tired of waiting and of uncertainty. James, in pity, the truth!"

"Yes, my darling; but they came—to no decision. It is so long since Sir William saw you. You could not bear him, you know. He must come again; he must have time—"

"James! You are not telling me the truth."

Cara saw that her father turned round to the fire and held out his hands to it, as if he was cold. That change made his voice sound further away. "Annie, Annie! do you think I would deceive you?" he said, faltering. Neither of them knew that the child was there behind the curtain, but of that Cara never thought.

"What did they say?" she cried. "Oh yes, you deceive me. You do nothing but deceive me; and now, at least, I must know the truth. I will send for Maxwell to come back, and he will tell me. He is honest, not like you. James, James! have you no love for me left? You did love me once—and promised. What did they say? I *know* they have told you. You can not hide it from me; it is in your face."

He made no answer, but stooped down over the fire, so that his very profile might be hid from her. She could not see any thing, he thought, in his shoulders; and yet the tremor in his frame, the very gesture, told more plainly than words. She sat up in her bed, growing wild with eager energy. Her cap fell back, which had been loose before, and her long hair streamed over her shoulders. "Bring in the medicine box, quick! quick!" she cried. He ran to obey her, glad of the diversion, and knowing how often she had paroxysms of pain, which had to be stilled at all hazards. The neat little medicine chest, with its orderly drawers and shelves, like a toy in tiny regularity and neatness, was kept in a closet at the other end of the room. He brought it out, and put it down on the table by her bedside. "Is it the usual pain?" he said, his voice trembling. And now she could see all the misery in his haggard face. She clutched with her white, feverish fingers at his arm.

"Tell me. You have heard—oh, I can see you have heard—tell me, what do they say?"

He tried for a moment to get free; but what was the use? His face, all quivering with miserable excitement, his heavy eyes that would not look her in the face, his lips, not steady enough even to frame an excuse, were more telling than any words. She devoured his face with her strained eyes, holding him by his sleeve. Then, with a convulsive shiver, "It is as I thought. Cancer!" The word choked her, and came out stammering, with a shudder beyond words.

"Oh, my darling!" he said, sinking down on his knees by her bedside. "What do they know? They are mistaken every day. How often have we said that, you and I? Why should we make gods of them now? Annie, we never believed in doctors, you and I."

"I believe in them now," she said. All her excitement had faded from her. The hectic red had disappeared from her cheeks, a convulsive shivering was all that remained of her strong excitement and emotion. She was hushed by the news. No doubt was in her mind as to the truth of it. There was silence for a moment—a long, long time, as it seemed; and when the silence was broken, it was she who spoke, not in complaint or despair, but with a strange chill wonder and reflective pain. "There are some people who would not have minded so much," she said, in a half whisper. "Some people do not feel the pain so much—or—the loathing. Oh, my God, my God, *me!*" What could be said? Hard sobs shook the man's helpless frame. He could do nothing for her—and she was dearer to him than his life.

"Do not cry," she said, as if she had been talking to a child; "that hurts me more. Don't you remember when we talked of it—if it ever came to this, James—and I made you promise? You promised. Surely, surely, you must remember? In summer, before we went away."

He tried to look at her blankly, as if he did not know what she meant; but, God help him, he remembered every word.

"Yes; you know what I mean. I can see it in your eyes. You can't deceive me now, James! you promised!"

"Never! never!" he said, his voice broken with passionate sobs.

"I think you promised; but at least you said it was right—no wickedness in it. Oh, do it, James! You can save me still. Why should I have any more pain now? I could bear it if it was for any good; but why should I *now*, James?"

"I can not, I can not," he cried; "do not ask me. Myself, if you will, but not you—not you!"

"Yourself!" she said, with a dreamy contempt. In her deadly danger and despair she was somehow raised above all creatures who had no warrant of death in them. "Why yourself? You are safe; there is no vulture coming to gnaw *your* flesh. Oh, James, have you not the heart of a man to save me! Think if it had been in India, in the mutiny—and you said it would be right."

"How could I know?" cried the unhappy man, with the artlessness of despair; "how could I tell it was coming to us? I did not think what I was saying. I thought of others—strangers. Annie! oh, let me go!—let me go!"

"Think a moment," she said, still holding him; "think what it will be. Torment! It is hard to bear now, but nothing to what it will be—and worse than torment. You will sicken at me; the place will be unendurable. O God! James, save me! oh, save me! It would be so easy—nothing but a dose, a drink—and all safe. James! James!"

The man burst out into terrible tears—he was beyond the stage at which self-restraint exists—but as for her, she was calm. It was she who held the chief place in this conflict. He was but secondary. The day, the moment, was for him but one of many; his life would flow on the same as before, but hers had to stop, if not now, yet close by. She had her sentence delivered to her. And suddenly a fever of longing woke up in her—a desire to taste this strange death, at once to anticipate fate, like that vertigo which makes shipwrecked people plunge into the sea to meet their end a few minutes before it comes inevitably, forestalling it, not waiting for it. She rushed all at once into sudden energy and excitement.

"Come," she cried, with a breathlessness which was half haste half from the sudden acceleration of her heart. "Come; this is the moment. There could be no time as good as now. I am not unhappy about it, nor sorry. It is like Champagne. James, if you love me, do it at once; do it now!"

He made no reply, but clung to the bed, hiding his face with a convulsive shivering all over him. Was it that the excitement in her communicated itself to him, and that he was tempted to obey? There was a singing and a buzzing in his ears. Despair and misery stupefied him. Sooner or later she was to be taken from him: now, or a few weeks, a few months hence, through a burning path of torture. And he could make it easy. Was it a devil or an angel that tugged at his heart, and echoed what she said?

"Come," she said, in soft tones of pleading, "can not you see? I am in the right mind now. Death takes people constantly by surprise, but I am just as I should like to be, able to understand every thing, able to feel what is happening to me, not in pain, or unhappy. Oh, quick, quick, James! you shall hold my hand, and as long as I can speak I will tell you how it feels—like your friend. You remember Como, and the boat, and the floating away? Quick, quick, while I am happy—out of pain—clear in my head!" Then her voice softened still more, and a piteous smile came upon her face. "Sorry only for you—oh, my James, my poor James! But you would rather send me away like this than see me perishing—perishing! Come, James!"

She loosed her hold upon him to let him rise, and he stumbled up to his feet like a man dazed, paused, looked at her; then throwing up his arms in a paroxysm of despair and misery, turned and fled from the room. "Ah!" she gave a cry that he thought pursued him, echoing and echoing round his head as he rushed out of the house like a hunted man. But she had no power to pursue him, though her cry had. She sat up gazing after him, her arm stretched out, her head bent forward as when she was talking. Then her arm relaxed, her head drooped, a rush of womanish, childish tears came to her eyes. Tears! at such a moment they made every thing dim around her, but cleared away gradually like a mist, and once more the doomed woman saw clear. He was gone who should have been her loving executioner and savior; but her heart, which had sunk with the disappointment, gave another leap in her breast. He had left the remedy in her hands. The little medicine chest stood open beside her on the table, within her reach. She did not pause to think, but put out her hand and selected one of the bottles firmly yet trembling, trembling only in her nerves, not in her courage. It required a little effort to pluck it out of the closely fitting case, and then she held death in her hands.

Just then a little rustle behind the curtain, a childish form peeping round the corner, disturbed her more than any thing else in the world would have done. "Mamma," said Cara, "what is that? What is that you are going to take? If papa would not give it you, can it be good for you? Oh, don't take it, mamma!"

Mrs. Beresford trembled so much that she could scarcely hold the bottle in her hand. "It is something that will put my pain away," she said, quite humbly. "Oh, Cara, my darling, I must take it; it will put away my pain."

"Are you sure, quite sure?" said the child. "Shall I ring for nurse, mamma, or shall I do it? My hand is quite steady. I can drop medicine as well as nurse can. Mamma, you are quite, quite sure it will do you good? There, let me give it you."

"No, no," she said, with a low shriek and shudder, turning away from her. "No, Cara, not for the world."

"But I am very steady; and here is your glass, mamma."

"God forbid!" she cried; "not you, not you." This last strange incident seemed to take from her the last excuse for delay, and hurried on her fate. She paused a moment, with her hands clasped close upon the little vial, and looked upward, her face inspired and shining with a wonderful solemnity. Then slowly she unclasped her fingers, sighed, and put it to her lips. It was not the right way to take medicine, poor little Cara thought, whose mind was all in a confusion, not knowing what to think. But the moment the deed was done that solemn look which frightened Cara passed away from her mother's face. "Ah!" she cried, fretfully, wiping her lips with her handkerchief; "how nasty, how nasty it is! Give me a piece of sugar—a bit of biscuit—any thing to put the taste away."

Cara brought the biscuit, pleased to be of use. She picked up the bottle which had dropped out of her mother's hand, and put it back tidily in

the case. She smoothed the disordered pillow. Mamma had been vexed because papa would not tell her something, would not let her know the truth, which was precisely what Cara herself objected to in him; but perhaps papa might have reason on his side too, for she was not strong enough to be agitated. And no doubt he would come back presently and make amends. In the mean time it pleased Cara to be her mother's sole attendant, she putting every thing tidy with great care, drawing the coverlet straight, and smoothing the bed. The medicine chest was too heavy for her to carry back to its proper place, but at last she put it exactly level upon the table, with the other things cozily arranged round it. Her mother, following her movements with drowsy eyes, smiled softly upon her. "Cara, come here," she said; "come and give me a kiss. You will be good, and take care of papa?"

"Yes," said Cara, astonished. She was almost frightened by the kiss, so clinging and solemn, which her mother gave her, not on her cheek, but her mouth. Then Mrs. Beresford dropped back on the pillow, her eyes closing. Cara had finished her tidying. She thought the room looked more still than ever, and her patient more comfortable; and with a curious mixture of satisfaction and wonder she went back behind the curtain to nurse's big chair. Then her mother called her again; her eyes altogether closed this time, her voice like one half asleep.

"Cara, tell him I was not angry; tell him it is quite true—no pain, only floating, floating away."

"What are you saying, mamma?"

"Floating, floating; he will know." Then she half opened the drowsy eyes again, with a smile in them. "Give me one kiss more, my Cara. I am going to sleep now."

The child could not tell what made her heart beat so, and filled her with terror. She watched her mother for a moment, scarcely daring to draw her breath, and then rang the bell, with a confused desire to cry for help, though she could not have told why.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PAPAL POLITICIANS.

ANTONELLI.

If the Papal Church had assumed that modest independence yet careful obedience to the law which has marked all other sects among us, it would have escaped all severe criticism, and would never have proved a source of direct danger to freedom in the New World. The worst that could have been said of it would have been that its past history was marked by crimes of which it had apparently repented, and by a fierce ambition to rule in politics, which it had at last laid aside forever. It has chosen a policy the direct opposite of this, one that must naturally make it odious to every Republican, suspected by all its rival sects. The Roman Catholic, of all religious denominations, alone proclaims its hostility to American institutions and laws. While all others rest peacefully under the shadow of universal toleration, the papal party denounces and anathematizes the principles of American progress. Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Scottish Presbyterians, French Huguenots, the Greek Church, are contented with the friendly shelter, the perfect liberality, offered them by transatlantic freedom. They complain of no restrictions, are offended at no necessary legislation. Conscious of an unprecedented security and ease, they form the pillars of the American Constitution, and obey with scrupulous exactness the laws of the land. They stretch out no parricidal hand to stab the government that gives them rest; they acknowledge with gratitude the unrivaled benefits of a popular rule.

Alone among its sister sects the Roman Catholic cries out against the institutions and the manners of the country in which it has found its only secure repose. Bishops of the East and the West, of St. Louis and Buffalo, of Rochester and New York, have joined in the bitterest attacks upon the common schools, and would drive their people from them by threats of excommunication. All the Roman Catholic press unites in the assault upon American education. Bishop M'QUAID assures us that the agitation shall never cease until its end is won. The Roman Catholic Church makes no secret of its purpose. The war it has declared upon education unless guided by the priest is inexpiable, and can never cease. Alone of all its sister sects it requires a complete change in our national training. Fresh from the seared and wasted intellects of Italy and Spain, which might have flourished but for its cruel rule, it demands possession of a large part of our national culture, and makes no secret of its hope finally to control the whole. It demands every where the division of the public-school funds; when refused, it raises the cry of persecution. This most irrational of sects, clamoring for "Catholic unity" in Italy, Austria, or Spain, resolved to close every Protestant school-house and shut out every trace of dissent from the popular mind, preferring ignorance to progress, moral death to religious activity, is heard in all parts of our country exclaiming against the tyranny of American laws. Those who are not familiar with the general tone of Roman Catholic literature can scarcely conceive of the bitterness with which its writers are accustomed to treat every element of Protestant civilization. Their design is evidently to array their own people in a united body against all that is peculiar to American institutions, to fill them with European prejudices, and sap the firm foundations of human equality.

Of the common schools it is their custom to speak as if they were perpetual sources of iniquity. The language of Bishops RYAN and M'QUAID can scarcely be quoted; the Jesuit newspapers repeat their gross inventions; bishops and priests in all parts of the country renew the assault; and the sect which in its own dominions has always prohibited every non-sectarian or Protestant system of education is filled with rage because it is obliged to pay its small proportion of the tax for the common schools. It pours out upon these institutions, the chief sources of American progress, strange calumnies that are wholly undeserved. And all American politicians who defend them share in the malevolent denunciations of the priests. One might suppose from the language of the Roman Catholic journals that all American statesmen had sunk to a level with those of the last days of the papal rule at Rome; that every Republican Congressman had grown rich like ANTONELLI, and every friend of union and progress was engaged in a scheme for plundering his country. Every new instance of fallibility among our public officials gives them fresh food for sharp satire; and the hatred of the ultramontanes for a free press and free schools, for national toleration and liberal progress, discovers itself in a keen assault upon the Republican leaders. The Roman Catholic religious newspapers alone take part in these political discussions; the Protestant discreetly refrain from any share in them. The papal bishops alone direct their people how to vote from the pulpit or the church door. The Protestant pastors are not known in politics. Ultramontane journals like the Boston *Pilot* or the Cincinnati *Telegraph*, speaking for their European masters, lose no opportunity of contrasting papal politics and morals with American, and trace the inferiority they discover in the latter to the prevalence of non-sectarian education.

It may be well to compare a Roman Catholic politician of the papal period with those produced by the free school and press. Cardinal ANTONELLI rules over the Pope and the temporalities of the Papal Church. Until 1870 he was the master of the lives and fortunes of the Romans. He was born in poverty at Sonnino, where the people were nearly all brigands. He left his perhaps natural profession to become a priest. He soon rose; became the chief minister of PIUS IX.; is the first and most powerful of Roman Catholic politicians. From an impoverished people he has amassed an immense fortune. Under the papal government every thing was sold, and ANTONELLI gathered on all sides the fruits of his influence. Of nepotism he made no secret. He had three brothers; they were raised to high offices in the state, enriched from its bankrupt treasury, and ennobled. He had a cousin; he was made a count and the head of the Roman police. Under PIUS IX., ANTONELLI has governed all the foreign and domestic policy of the Church. His political rule was one of pitiless cruelty. He beheaded or imprisoned republicans, and with the desperate rigor of a brigand, in the face of an enraged people shot down the Italians at Mentana. Dreadful stains rest upon his private conduct—cruelty and license beyond belief. Yet ANTONELLI appoints the bishops of New York or St. Louis, and represents the policy of the Jesuits in the immense limits of his Church. ANTONELLI guides the opinions of every papal editor in Europe and America. The cruel and terrible priestly politician, enriched by a life of open peculation, the scorn of the Roman people, remorseless in his power, cowardly in his fall, is the model to which the Papal Church looks for its ideal statesmanship, and from whom it would have Americans draw their conception of an honorable citizen. The government of the city of Rome under ANTONELLI is said to have been the worst in Europe. It is apparently the example upon which our Roman Catholic rulers have moulded that of the city of New York.

It would seem that Americans, divided by three thousand miles of ocean from the Vatican, would have no necessary interest in the career of an ANTONELLI. He was finance minister of PIUS IX. He enriched himself and his family of brigands from the plunder of the starving Romans. He has fallen. He is powerless at home. But it is not so in New York. Here ANTONELLI rules the unscrupulous faction that presides at Tammany Hall and elects our public officials. The Roman Catholic priesthood hold in abject discipline the whole body of our Democratic voters. The bishops, cardinal, vicars, are the creatures of ANTONELLI. At a word he can depose the highest, and drive into exile the boldest American prelate, the most accomplished priest. There is no room for dissent in this remarkable political organization. From the pulpit, the confessional, the church door, the lecture-room, Roman Catholics are directed to obey the suggestions of their oracle at the Vatican; to draw lavish gifts from New Jersey or New York for protectories and foundling asylums; to demand the division of the school fund from Oregon to Massachusetts; to declaim against American institutions; to exact the repeal of American laws. The Vatican directs the policy of the ruling section of the Democratic party. The cruel ANTONELLI, with "heavy jaw, long teeth, thick lips," and the expression of a savage, inspires the opinions of the Democrats of New York and St. Louis. The astute policy of corrupt Italians has been introduced into American politics. The foreign priests from Maine to Georgia are instructed to agitate, to clamor, to assail, to corrupt, to purchase, to betray. All the arts that have failed in Italy are employed in America. The instruments of ANTONELLI sometimes assume the garb of reformers, sometimes they buy young politicians, sometimes intrigue in Legislatures and in Congress. Why is the Roman Catholic denomination the only one of the Christian sects among us that is discontented, almost rebellious? Why does it alone cry out that it is "persecuted" by American laws? Because it is a foreign Church, and is governed by the dangerous instigations of the Vatican and its ANTONELLIS.

New York, the metropolis of a republic, has, by a chain of events almost inevitable, fallen under the yoke of the papal faction. It was the Roman Catholic vote that made Mr. WICKHAM Mayor. It is the Roman Catholic influence that would expel Mr. GREEN from the comptrollership. It is the hungry greed of a host of priests, Irish officials, idle immigrants, daring adventurers, that would cover New York with new debts and overwhelm it in a sea of peculation. Never was a city robbed more thoroughly by a religious sect; never did citizens bear their afflictions more meekly. We have paid $200,000 annually to the New York Protectory for many years "to propagate the Roman Catholic faith." It modestly claims besides that the State owes it nearly $1,000,000. It has become a seminary for the mendicant order of Christian Brothers, and a rallying-point for the Democracy of Westchester, a scene of sectarian activity, a thing altogether un-American, and dangerous to the welfare of the community. It produces chiefly begging friars and mendicant monks. In begging it equals the most successful orders of the Middle Ages. We have founded twenty or more Roman Catholic parochial schools that receive their teachers from the Westchester protectory or from European seminaries. We have endowed a score of Roman Catholic families from the plunder of the city. Costly cathedrals spring up among us for a sect that refuses to maintain its own poor. Our paupers and our thieves are chiefly Roman Catholics. And now, in the Centennial year of the nation, the Roman Catholic clubs that rule and plunder New York presume to plan the subjugation of the whole country. The Democracy of the metropolis controls the party in the nation. The Roman Catholic sodalities of New York hope to elect the next President of the republic, and place in power a Democratic faction, the enemy of American education, the political instruments of the Roman Catholic leaders, the tools of the Vatican and ANTONELLI. In the year 1876 we are threatened with the complete reversal of the principles of JEFFERSON and ADAMS. Will not the people rise, from Maine to Texas, to defeat by an utter overthrow the plans of our foreign foes? Will not every town and city, every county and school district throughout the Union, join in the defense of American education?

The papal Democracy of New York ruled at the recent Democratic Convention at St. Louis. The wrangles of its two Irish Catholic leaders ended in the nomination of Mr. TILDEN. The Confederates of Mississippi or Georgia looked on amused at the strife of KELLY and KERNAN, and join with them in plotting the ruin of freedom. But the candidates selected by KELLY and KERNAN have no strength beyond the Papal Church. It will be easy for the American people, by an almost unanimous vote at their Centennial election, to drive into utter oblivion every politician of the papal school, to elect HAYES and WHEELER, true Republicans, and re-assert once more the principles of 1776.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

BRIEF mention has been made in various journals of the announcement by Dr. FERRIER, an eminent London physician, of a certain cure for coryza, or cold in the head; and as the medical journals appear to indorse its efficiency quite unanimously, we notice the subject somewhat in detail.

The treatment was suggested to Dr. FERRIER by the fact that in acute catarrh of alcoholism, accompanied by a profuse secretion of mucus, often pouring forth in great quantity almost without effort, as well as in the chronic forms of gastric catarrh, bismuth, either alone or associated with morphine, acts in a very efficacious manner. On one occasion, when Dr. FERRIER expected to address the public at an evening lecture, he experienced all the symptoms of coryza—irritation of the nostrils, sneezing, watery eyes, the beginning of a flow of the mucous secretion, etc. Having at hand a small quantity of trinitrate of bismuth, he snuffed this for some time, so as to disseminate it through the interior of the nostrils. He found that soon the inclination to sneeze ceased, and on the following morning the disease had disappeared. Subsequently, having found that the bismuth was heavy and difficult to inspire, he combined with it powdered gum-arabic, which increased the volume and produced a mucilaginous coating upon the irritated membrane, and greatly reduced the pain and inflammation.

Still later, he added a small quantity of hydrochlorate of morphine, which promptly soothed the irritation, and reduced the secretion of tears.

After many trials, Dr. FERRIER fixed upon the following formula: hydrochlorate of morphine, two grains; powder of gum-arabic, two drams; trinitrate of bismuth, six drams. From a quarter to one-half of this powder is to be snuffed up in twenty-four hours. The inhalations should commence as soon as the symptoms of coryza appear, and be frequently repeated at first, so as to keep the interior of the nostrils well covered. Whenever the handkerchief is used, the snuffing should be repeated. To prevent the loss of the powder, this may be placed in a folded paper and held against the nose.

Friedelite is a hydrated silicate of manganese, discovered by BERTRAND at the mine of Adervielle, valley of Louron, in the Pyrenees. It occurs in crystalline masses of a carmine red color, with a specific gravity of 3.07. It crystallizes in the rhombohedral system, and possesses in a high degree the property of doubly refracting light.

An important announcement has lately been made by Professor RILEY, the eminent entomologist, of St. Louis, in regard to the eggs of the army-worm, *Leucania unipuncta*, in a paper lately read before the Academy of Science of that city. Dr. RILEY states that at first view it seems singular that the eggs of an insect that appears in such countless myriads, from Maine to Georgia and from Virginia to Kansas, should have remained undiscovered either by farmers or entomologists. Stimulated by this rather discreditable fact, he made special efforts to solve the problem, which have been recently crowned with success by his having witnessed the mode of oviposition on the blue-grass. The eggs, as he had supposed, were secreted, being either glued in rows of from five to twenty in the groove which is formed by the folding of the terminal grass blade, or in between the sheath and the stalk. Sometimes they were pushed into crevices in the ground, especially at the base of the grass stalk. The eggs are white, slightly iridescent, spherical, and only 2-100ths of an inch in diameter. They are fastened to each other and to the leaf, and covered along the exposed portion by a white, glistening, viscid substance.

By the seventh day after deposition the brown head of the embryo shows distinctly through the shell. The larva hatches the eighth to the tenth day, being less than two millimeters in length, of a dull translucent white color, with a large brown-black head. On account of its extremely small size, and the color resembling the pale bases of the grass stalks near the ground, it is almost impossible to find them even where there are dozens to the square foot.

The health authorities of Paris have lately prohibited the sale in that city of Cincinnati hams, which, as is well known, are generally put up in canvas, colored of a brownish hue. According to the results of a chemical investigation, this color is due to chrome yellow, or the chromate of lead, which is in itself a highly poisonous substance.

Professor BOUCHARDAT suggests, in a communication on the subject, that if a brown color for this purpose is desirable, there are numerous substances, such as curcuma and others, which are entirely inoffensive, and which would be equally valuable in producing the general effect of color.

M. CHAMPOUILLON refers, in a communication to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, to a peculiar variety of oyster, originally growing at the mouth of the Tagus, distinguished from other European forms by the claw-shaped shell, the interior being white, excepting a small black point of the claw, and the mantle bordered with a dusky fringe.

These oysters are generally of a small size, and are of a glaucous green, with almost transparent flesh. In the native state it is scarcely eatable, on account of its disagreeable taste and its emaciation. Toward the end of winter, after the rainy season, it increases in volume, and becomes white; its liver swells, and the mantle is indicated only by a black edging. This condition remains but a short time, as it precedes the formation of its spat, after the expulsion of which the oyster again resumes its glaucous tint and its usual emaciation.

The fertility of the Portuguese oysters is such that they have formed near Lisbon extensive banks, occupying about fifty kilometers. Though formerly neglected, they now constitute an article of commerce, and are being transferred to the waters of France and England, where they lose their harsh taste, although they preserve their hooked shape and their black mantle. As with other varieties, they only retain their fertility in a certain latitude, the waters of the shores of Normandy, of Belgium, and of Great Britain being too cold for the purpose.

According to analysis, one kilogram of the Portuguese oysters gives 760 grams of water, a trace of coloring matter, 0.039 of a gram of iodine, and 0.052 of bromine. The abundance of these two substances is the special peculiarity of the Portuguese oyster, and constitutes an important element, theoretically adapted for the cure of scrofula, ganglionic enlargements, rachitism, and possibly asthma. M. CHAMPOUILLON considers that these special qualifications are of sufficient importance to merit the attention of the medical profession.

Captain MORESBY has lately published a volume giving some account of his explorations in New Guinea, in which we are informed that he has found a safe ship-channel through the great Louisiade reefs, and has thus opened a highway for commerce between Australia and China. He has also placed on the chart more than 140 islands and islets, of which twenty-five are inhabited, besides adding many excellent harbors and safe anchorages to the list, and has been the first to describe 190 miles of the eastern end of New Guinea.

The tenth report of the Fish Commissioners of the State of Connecticut was presented to the Legislature at the May session; and as giving the history of the efforts of the first decade in the restoration of fish to the waters of the State, they take occasion to review what has been done from the beginning under State patronage.

The Commissioners remark that Massachusetts, in 1856, was the first State to appoint Fish Commissioners to consider the subject of artificial propagation, but that no practical result followed. In 1864 New Hampshire and Vermont, in 1865 Massachusetts, and in 1866 Connecticut appointed Commissioners to investigate the whole subject; and on the 26th of February, 1867, a meeting of Commissioners was held in Boston, and the organization of "The New England Commissioners of Inland Fisheries" was formed, with the special object of co-operation in restocking the Connecticut with salmon and shad. In this New Hampshire was to procure and distribute impregnated ova of salmon and shad in the head waters of the river. Vermont and Massachusetts were to build suitable fishways over the dams to the spawning grounds, and Connecticut was to abolish gill nets, stake nets, and pounds in the river and on the Sound. These measures of co-operation were carried out as fully as the various circumstances would permit.

The first experiments in the artificial hatching of shad were initiated by SETH GREEN at Holyoke in July, 1867. In the following winter the first lot of salmon fry, about 20,000, were placed in the head waters of the Connecticut. The operations in New England generally, and those in Connecticut especially, in succeeding years are enumerated.

As will be noticed by a perusal of this very important report, no State has done more than, if so much as, Connecticut for the culture of the useful food fishes; and the result is already seen, as far as the Connecticut River is concerned, in the existence of an actual glut of the market with shad.

So far no positive return has been experienced in regard to salmon, but this was not expected before the year 1876, and possibly 1877. We hope the next report of the Commissioners will exhibit a measure of success in this direction that will satisfy the most doubting skeptics.

GETTING IN TUNE.

ROMANCE ON THE HUDSON.—

REALITY ON THE PLAINS.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 618.]

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

[See Illustration on Page 617.]

I.

NEVER was month like the month of June,
Her wreath of roses and lovers' moon.
Think ye "the world is out of joint?"
Then watch ye the shadows of old West Point.
See how they fall on the grassy sward;
Watch them lie on the glittering sword
Of the eager youth who longs for strife
And the stern delights of a soldier's life.
Yonder the building, old and gray,
Where he learned the warrior's art to slay.
Behind are the hours of labor done;
To-day the sweetness of triumph won;
But sweetest of all, the tender smile
That beams on a fairer face the while,
As the tale is told that, ever the same,
Fresh beauty wins from a dream of fame.
A nameless boy is her lover now,
With a beardless cheek and a childish brow.
Wait till the fearful war-drum rolls:
In the bitter hour that tries men's souls
He will win the honors that she shall wear,
Till her woman's heart grows proud to bear
A name that a nation loves to boast,
And writes with those that she honors most.
There's a rapture thrills through the lips that kiss
And lisp of fame in a scene like this.

II.

Far away on the wild frontier
Stands the cot of the pioneer.
Loud he calls to the soldier bands,
"Drive ye the savage from our lands!"
The word is given, the charge is led,
And the red soil groans with the martyr dead.
Hark ye! what is the sound that swells?
Crack of rifle and savage yells!
Poisoned arrow and hissing shot
Pour from the ambush thick and hot.
Red blood, flowing from manly veins,
Dyes with crimson the burning plains.
Look! how silent a brave form lies!
The sun glares down from the tearless skies.
No soft hand touches the matted hair,
No lips of woman are resting there.
Only a veteran, stern and grim,
Pauses a while with eyes grown dim.
There's a pictured face on the blood-stained grass;
O'er the smiling eyes no shadows pass.
There are other eyes that are dim with tears,
That will smile no more in the coming years,
That turn in pain from the cheerless moon
As the weeks bring round the month of June,
And lips that whisper a simple name
That has never rung on the blast of fame.

"THESE FOR A HERMITAGE."

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

EVERY body who has read any thing of modern French literature at all has read of Mürger's four wonderful Bohemians—the musician, the painter, the poet, and the philosopher—who formed such an odd companionship of mirth and misery, obscurity and aspiration, pinching poverty and frantic pleasure, until gradually they became a little successful in their several ways, and then they one by one subsided into respectability, and were buried under the Lethean waves of that steadily flowing and all-consuming sea of life's dry land. I tell the story of four other friends of a very different kind, who, knowing nothing probably of Mürger, tried to live lives of their own. They were three men and one woman, the latter being the wife of one of the men. As it will not do to reveal the real names of the men, let us call them Tom, Dick, and Harry. The lady was the wife of Tom, and it can do no harm to say that her baptismal name was Minna.

Now all these people at one time were living in New York. The young men had been friends always, and used to meet pretty often, but it was Tom's marriage which drew them specially together; for, as one reason, Tom's very happy marriage with the pretty and intelligent Minna (who came from Boston, and had views of life) coincided in point of time with Dick's disappointment in love and Harry's humiliation in letters. Dick's "fause true-love," after having stolen his very senses away in flirtation, married a brownstone house on Murray Hill. Harry had long been at work upon the great American national poem for which Europe has been crying out so persistently, and the critical journals scarcely noticed the great American national poem at all: one critic saying it was "a rather elaborate and heavy piece of fun"—fun!—and another complimenting it with the remark that it appeared to be the first production of a young lady, and really had some pretty things in it, and gave promise of better work when she had had more practice in verse. Naturally Tom and Minna were stricken with sympathy for this forlorn and injured pair. So their little home at Mount Vernon was always open to Dick and Harry.

These young men were all in business down town somewhere, but they all had souls very much above business. Tom was a philosopher in search of the true religion which is to supersede and swallow up all others, reconciling Grace Church with Positivism, and establishing a common basis of creed for Professor Tyndall and Father Burke. Harry, as I have said, was a poet. Dick was a little insane about music, and fed his sad soul with the faith that man's highest destiny was to be revealed in some yet unwritten and sublime composition. Minna was a portrait painter on a small and pretty scale, and was working into a fair degree of success in the likenesses of children and young brides, and that sort of thing. But Minna, receiving a commission to paint the two young olive buds of Mrs. Gorgibus, in Fifth Avenue, was treated with such gracious condescension and marked patronage by that lady that the very negro porter in the hall pitied her, and Minna finally gave up the job, and came home and wept. Therefore she too became imbued with a scorn of wealth and an intense pride in art and honest poverty, and she hated the world and all its works and pomps, and felt satisfied that the order of things was wholly warped and wrong. So these four friends were all a good deal soured with the world, and correspondingly sweet upon themselves. Each sincerely admired every other member of the company, and also himself or herself. Each sincerely believed that the world misprized every other member of the company, and also, or perhaps in especial, himself or herself. In other words, they became naturally and inevitably a mutual admiration society, pure and simple. By degrees and imperceptible soothing convictions they arrived at the knowledge that the world was not good enough for them. Next to success in the world, the pleasantest thing is the belief that one is too good for such success. Our friends resolved to quit the world which misprized them. This unappreciative world was for them two streets of New York, one suburban village, and the critics of two journals.

They took a house in New Jersey, some half hour from the ferry at the foot of Cortlandt or Liberty Street, but as deeply imbosomed in the greenwood as though the scream of the eagle, and not of the engine, alone awoke its echoes. The house which they hired was an old-fashioned stone building, low, long, and in a certain ungainly way picturesque, with its ancient "stoop" and its small-paned windows. It was approached by a long narrow lane, almost roofed into a green arcade by the meeting boughs of the trees, among whose leaves the fire-flies danced and sparkled in the summer evenings. Trees grew, indeed, all around the ancient house, so that the wanderer on the high-road might have passed along that way every day and never suspected that any house was near. There was a considerable patch of ground round about the house, of which little care had been lately taken by the previous inhabitants, and which, therefore, had fallen into disorder as picturesque as that of the sluggard's garden in the familiar ballad. An aged well, with an old oaken bucket, lent another artistic touch to the place. The house had plenty of rooms, so that the colony of inmates could keep apart from each other as much as they pleased. From the windows of the lower rooms you could only see trees and grass and brush-wood and slanting sunbeams; but from the upper rooms you looked far across the beautiful bay of New York.

The friends were delighted. It was the very place which a benign Providence might have specially ordained and consecrated for their use. Once within the wooden gate of this garden, if garden that delightful wilderness could be called, and they seemed shut out from all the vain and giddy world.

"Here," whispered Tom, with his arm round Minna's waist—they had arrived first and were alone—"here shall we meditate a noble scheme of education for our children."

Minna blushed a little: the children, you understand, had not come as yet.

"And I," she said, "will have my studio in that highest room, and I will try to paint those trees and that bay." And she thought with a wild outburst of hope, "Perhaps I shall one day become famous and a great artist, and sha'n't I snub those people in Fifth Avenue!" Thus do we renounce the world and forget it.

"This is the place!" So Harry exclaimed when he brought his trunk down in the evening. "Here I can produce a poem which shall live, and which they shall be compelled to acknowledge."

Dick flung himself into a seat on the stoop, and at once inaugurated his new life with some wild and wonderful strains upon his violin. "Here," he thought—"here I shall forget her."

Each furnished his room or rooms according to his or her fantasy; but there were two rooms on the lower floor which were common to all, and to which every body contributed some ornamentation. A piano was here, on which Minna played at nights, and there were book-cases and pictures and a fine cast of that Venus of the Louvre which lately lay hidden so long down in the vaults beneath the excited streets while the shells of the Germans were falling in Paris.

Really they were all very happy here. Minna, of course, kept house for all, aided by a stout elderly Swedish woman, who had been a "help" in her family since she was a child, and who, with a colored boy, constituted her whole domestic retinue. The men went to the city in the morning and came back in the evening, and they paid no visits and went nowhere, brought home any new books that were worth reading, but no newspapers; for it is of little use renouncing the world if you bring home the newspapers. This was a rather severe trial to Minna, who was fond of newspapers; but she bore it bravely without grumbling, seeing that the men, who must be supposed to stand in greater need of the stimulus of journalism, never grumbled, and not being aware, of course, that they invariably read the papers somewhere in town every day.

Several inquisitive neighbors endeavored to make the acquaintance of our hermits, but the hermits steadily refused to be acquainted. The colored boy and the Swedish woman kept intruders at arms-length. Sometimes an adventurous lady, engaged in the interests of a sewing-school, or a Dorcas institution, or a Woman's Rights Convention, did actually make her way to Minna's parlor; but Minna received her with so chill and firm a politeness that the intruder found the case hopeless, and withdrew to return no more. It must be owned that Minna felt an exquisite delight in thus snubbing women. She would have liked to pay off upon the whole sex the grievances inflicted on her by the haughty daughters of Eve in Fifth Avenue; and, besides, it can not be denied that there are a great many very good little women, quite incapable of any serious wrong or injustice, who yet feel a sincere pleasure in inflicting small humiliations on other women. Meanwhile, however, Minna thought she was quite a heroine in thus keeping the advances of society at bay, and did not analyze her own feelings closely enough to understand that in so doing she was only just following the bent of her inclinations.

"I am particularly disturbed," Mrs. Minna one evening remarked to her co-mates and partners in exile, "by two girls, who will keep pacing up and down the lane, and gazing over the wall and through the gate. I wonder if they think this is the garden of the Hesperides with the golden apples?"

"Pretty girls?" Harry asked, languidly. He was reclining in a rocking-chair, and meditating on a poetic situation which should inclose at once the central idea of the pre-Adamite world and the Pacific Railway.

"I don't know," Minna answered, rather shortly. "One is a child; I didn't much notice the looks of the other."

"I think—that is, I almost fancy—I must have seen her—seen them, I mean," Dick observed, without looking up from the violin across whose strings he was dreamily drawing his melancholy bow.

"Well, they wouldn't interest you much," said Tom, with half a smile, for he was thinking of poor Dick's blighted love. "We can't expect you to take much notice of the looks of women. What do they want, Minna?"

"I don't know, dear."

"What do they say?"

"Well, they don't say any thing. They only look."

"Oh, that's all. Rudely perhaps?"

"No, not that exactly. In a melancholy sort of way."

"They don't mean any thing; you may be sure they don't mean any thing," Dick hastily interposed. And then he asked, "Would you like to hear me play this little thing I have been composing?"

"I shouldn't," said Tom. "I'm going out on the stoop to smoke."

"Nor I," candidly observed Harry. "I've got an idea, and I'm going to work it out."

"I should like it of all things," said Minna, sympathetically. "Do, pray, let me hear it."

"Never," exclaimed Dick, chivalrously, as he made her a low bow. "You alone have been kind to me, and ready to sacrifice yourself. I will not be outdone in generosity. No, Mrs. Minna, you shall *not* hear it. I will go out to the back of the house and play it to the moon. She will not suffer."

So, with an assumption of careless gayety, Mr. Dick got up and went away. He was glad to escape even from kind and sympathetic Minna. Alas! sympathy was thrown away upon this luckless youth. Sympathy is only of much avail when it seeks to console for the inexorable past that will not return. If there were any possibility of its returning, we should be too anxious and impatient for the sedative strains of sympathy to charm our inattentive ears. The girl in Victor Hugo's poem who is waiting in agony of hope or fear for the return of her cymbal-player from the war, who never does return, might perhaps be open to the influence of sympathy when she has learned all the worst for certain, and has made her eyes dim by many nights of weeping over the poor lad who lies in his unmarked grave; but when the returning army is marching in under her window, and the horses are prancing, drums beating, people cheering, generals bouncing from their saddles, and the poor girl is straining her eyes to see whether her hero is coming with the rest, and stretches half out of her lattice, and searches with half-mad anxiety through all the coming ranks far as she can see for the one face and form which she does not yet know that she is never to see more—don't expect *her* to have ears or heart for your words of sympathy just then.

What has this to do with Dick playing his melancholy music at the back of the house to the blankly inattentive moon? Not much, to be sure. He does not expect to see his false true-love pass by, unmarried again, and on the look-out for him, we suppose? Dick was restless about something or other, evidently; for after a short interval of communing with his violin, he got up, climbed over the low fence at the back of the house, and wandered down the lane. It was a beautiful evening in the early part of the summer, before the fiercer heats had come, and the air was fragrant with delicious scents, and the stars were gleaming with a softened light in the sky. Dick's walk ought to have been a pleasant one between the shade trees of the lane and for a time beside a little streamlet which bubbled musically along. After a while he came to where two or three houses stood, seeming close together, when you saw them from a distance, but really a good deal apart from each other.

When Dick came near the houses, he took his fiddle in one hand and his bow in the other, and drew forth a few soft and dreamy notes even as he sauntered on. Very slowly he walked as he passed the first of the houses, more slowly still as he approached the last; and here again he sounded his gentle notes. He passed the house, and then stopped; turned back, and approached the gate. This time the figure of a girl leaned over the gate, and Dick went toward her. In the soft moonlight one could see that she was very pretty, with large eyes that now seemed tremulous. She held out her hand to Dick.

Dick's first question had not a very romantic sound in it. He only asked, "How is your mother?"

"Much better—ever so much better," was the answer, "thank God!—and you too," she added, eagerly.

Dick only grumbled out something unintelligible.

"She will be well again, quite well, in a few days," the girl said, "and then I shall be so happy!"

"Shall you be happy?" asked Dick.

"Why should I not be happy? Is not God very good to leave me my mother? You can not know what we suffered those days. Yes, I think you can, though, for you have such a sympathetic and noble nature."

"And when your mother is well, you will go away?" Dick said, rather abruptly.

"We must go; we have no choice. How could we live here? I need not tell *you*"—and her voice trembled—"how poor we are. My uncle has no family, and he will take us to live with him—mother and my sister and me. I would not go if I were alone: I would stay in America and work for a living. But mother would not hear of it, and she is not strong, and—" She turned away her head, and could not get on.

"To Manchester, in England?" said Dick, meditatively. "I hate Manchester, and I detest England."

"You have been there—you can tell me about it?"

"Not I. I've never been there; in fact, I wouldn't go there. No American ought to go there, no American girl especially. If I had my way, I wouldn't allow any one to go to England." Dick spoke with quite a stern energy, which appeared rather to surprise the girl.

"I don't like to go," she said, with a sigh, "but I can not make my own fate. I love this place, and that dear, dear house where I was born and where I lived so long. I can not pass it ever, ever, without standing by the gate and looking in. I am afraid the lady thinks me very rude or odd; but if she knew all, she would not wonder. How strange that you should now be living there in our dear old home, and that I should know you! When we first chanced to meet, and when you came and were so kind to us in our bitter trial, I did not wonder, because I thought it seemed only natural that kindness should come out of that old home."

"You will go away," Dick said; "and you will forget me."

"Never!" she murmured, and her eyes filled with tears. "Could friendship like yours be forgotten by any woman who had a heart?" And with an almost passionate gesture she put her hand upon her heart.

Dick stood for a moment irresolute and silent. Then he said, "I will come again to-morrow evening to ask about your mother. Good-night."

She gave him the hand that had a moment before been pressed upon her beating heart. They did not look at each other, and Dick returned along the lane, sounding his melancholy violin as he went.

When Minna, a few minutes after, came out of the house, she found Dick seated as before, discoursing with his bow what possibly might prove to be the music of the future.

Soon after the settlement of our little colony of hermits in their new home, Dick happened one evening, as he sauntered thither, to "become aware," as the old phrase was, of two girls standing between him and the gate he was about to enter, gazing wistfully over it, and apparently unconscious of his approach. Despite his lately broken heart, Mr. Dick was not quite blind to a pretty face and a shapely ankle, and he looked with some interest at the elder girl—for one was but a child. They were a little confused when they saw him, and made a sort of apology. Dick politely opened the gate, and asked the little girl if she would like to see the garden. Then the elder told him, with some emotion, that the place had been their home until their father died; and they went hastily away.

Dick forgot somehow to mention this incident to his friends. After all, there was not much to mention. But he met the girls again, and yet again, and he made the little girl an easy connecting link of acquaintanceship. He found that they were poor, and then he learned that their mother was sick; and as he was really a kind-hearted, generous fellow, he did all he could to help and counsel them; and he found that the elder sister, Nina, was a charming girl, with a pure and sweet nature, and he delighted in trying to serve her. Often he found himself thinking how happy it would have been for him if his former love had been like her. *She*, he thought, would not have deserted him for a brown-stone house on Fifth Avenue. Sometimes, too, he thought that perhaps it was as well the fair and false Mrs. Brownstone had deserted him. Looking calmly back upon the past, he began to doubt whether she really was so very lovely and charming, and whether he was so profoundly in love with her, or only with the self-love and gratified vanity which her cajolery had conjured up in his breast, and which, when deceived, had turned to bitterness and conscious humiliation. But of course he was not going to make a fool of himself any more. Oh no, not by any means; he had done with all that sort of thing! Women might be his friends, as Minna was; but love—never more!

But as he did not know what his companions might say in their levity—how could they understand his feelings?—he would not tell them any thing about his casual acquaintanceship with Nina. So the days went on and on, and the casual meetings continued, and delicious walks by the moonlight sometimes, and half hours at evenings in Nina's home, when kindly Dick would play upon his violin for the gratification of the convalescent mother and the delighted younger daughter. Dick for the time was in Arcadia; but the days were going on, and in a few weeks more perhaps all must come to an end, for Nina and her mother and sister would have to cross the ocean.

Now if Dick had been a rich young fellow, or, say, a foreign nobleman in disguise, he would probably have flung his impetuous right arm round Nina some evening, and exclaimed, "You shall never leave me! I am the Earl of Leicester," or Count Egmont, as the case might be; "that is the Order of the Golden Fleece which sparkles on my manly breast. Here in this purse

are four hundred thousand dollars to begin with. Be my bride!" But Dick, though a well-to-do and rising young fellow enough in a business down town, had nothing particularly dazzling about his prospects, and did not know whether a pretty girl, no matter how poor, might not prefer crossing the ocean and taking her chance of a good match in accursed Manchester to a quiet settling down in a very modest life in the suburbs of New York somewhere. The warning he had received from faithless Mrs. Brownstone had made a deep impression on him, and still as he looked on Nina, he kept assuring himself, "I do not love thee; no, I do not love thee."

Now his friends would assuredly have soon found out the secret of Dick's evening wanderings if they had not been prevented by various causes from ever following the lane a step in the inland direction beyond their own gate. Dick's ramblings and visitings lay, as we know, beyond that boundary. Minna never went much beyond her own domain, for she hated being stared at, she said, by inquisitive people, and, besides, she was very busy at her art. Harry, the poet, began to have mysterious absences in town—business was very exacting just now, he said—and he often got home only when every body else had gone to bed. Nay, even Tom himself now often came home very late to his little Minna, and that good creature was left to sit lonely and listless of evenings, and watch the level sun rays, and wonder over the lot of women, and begin to doubt whether in eagerly welcoming retirement from the world she had exactly contemplated solitude.

But Tom, the philosophic student of man's destiny, always re-assured her and gave her lofty consolation. "I will come all right, Minna," he said one evening, catching her most unphilosophically in his arms. "Just you have a little patience, dear, and don't ask questions, and see if you don't have a house in Madison Avenue yet!" Whereupon Minna trembled with a vague joy and wonder, and did not stop to ask whether they had not renounced the world and all its works and pomps.

However, as Minna showed a tendency to "mope," as Englishwomen call it—perhaps the word is intelligible in America too—Tom one day took a holiday, and carried his young wife to Central Park. Very happy they were as they drove along in an open carriage (hired—seven dollars), and looked with the kindly pity of higher intelligences upon the votaries of fashion, the stall-keepers in Vanity Fair. Suddenly who should whirl past them but Harry, the poet, in a splendid carriage, not hired, and seated beside a majestic woman, considerably older and larger than he, with great dark eyes and a bust of double Juno proportions. The poet seemed a good deal embarrassed as he saluted his friends.

"Who can that be with Harry?" the wondering Minna asked.

"Can't imagine," her bewildered husband said. "She looks like a wealthy aunt; but he never told us he had one."

"He ought not to have secrets from his friends," said Minna.

"Certainly not. That is, of course; but cases may be different. No, of course not; no secrets; rather unfair of him; but of course there may be reasons, you know. One can't always tell things just at once;" and Tom seemed himself rather embarrassed, and wore a conscious look.

The fact was that Harry had had a poem inserted in *Harper's Weekly* which was full of the loftiest thoughts, and breathed a scorn for the world's honors and prides so exalted that it spoke in every line to all high poetic souls. It sent a thrill through the broad breast of the wealthy Mrs. Chrysal, of Murray Hill, a lady whose husband at his death had left her absolute mistress of all the money he had made in business. She had splendid black eyes, people said; and some persons might have thought her a remarkably fine woman—for her time—although a trifle overgrown, and, as Dickens's Brown Forester would have put it, "moun*tain*ous." But she went in for soul, and she saw that in the author of the poem she had found a being who was all soul. She wrote to Harry, pouring forth pages of thanks for his noble poem. He replied. She invited him to her receptions. He went—and the days passed on, and, behold, he is already driving with her in Central Park!

The autumn had come and gone, and the sweet Indian summer glorified with its pensive and tender beauty all the fields and woods and lanes and the tangled walks and the fading branches of our Hermitage.

"Yet a little," Minna thought, "and grim winter will have locked this place in snow, and the flowers and birds will be gone, and nothing will ever properly warm my studio, and I shall be so lonely."

"Yet a little," Tom thought, "and it will be settled one way or the other."

"I must tell them soon," Harry said to himself. "I'm afraid they'll think I've acted rather meanly; but I can't help that. I'll tell it all to-morrow night."

"This night shall decide," said Dick to his own soul. "I can't live without her. If she refuses, I'll go off to Colorado or Alaska, or I don't care where, and get killed as soon as I can."

That evening the friends hardly saw each other. Next evening Tom came home very early, and evidently almost beside himself with excitement. He caught up his wife and gave her a thousand kisses, and then broke into a wild cheer. Happily no one but Minna was near. She looked bewildered.

"It's all right, Minna darling!" he exclaimed. "I've made a ten-strike. I've been concerned in a big speculation this long time—I wouldn't tell you any thing about it while things were uncertain—and I've made a lot of money. It will be a fortune to us, a perfect fortune. We'll have a house in town and a cottage at Long Branch, and we'll leave this place forever."

"Oh, Tom, what happiness!" and Minna fell into his arms.

How charming is divine philosophy! To do Tom and Minna justice, it must be said that they very soon remembered, even in their joy, the friends whom their secession would leave lonely, and who would perhaps regard them as deserters and renegades. But what could be done? When people make money, they really can't be expected to live in dreary old lanes on the outskirts of civilization; and it must be added that Minna's painting had not come to any thing, and that she was losing all hope of artistic renown. Still, there was an air of confusion and embarrassment and something like conscious guilt about our married pair when they met their two companions that evening. Perhaps this prevented them from observing that the companions themselves seemed a little embarrassed.

They were all sitting in the twilight, Dick occasionally sounding his tuneful strings to a soft and dreamy air; and for a while there was silence. It seemed, in a queer sort of way, as if every body was just going to speak, and yet nobody spoke. At last Minna said, in a low tone,

"The evenings grow dark. We shall have cold weather soon."

"We've been thinking," said Tom, with a gentle preliminary cough—"we've been thinking, Minna and I, of soon removing to the city."

"So have I," Harry exclaimed, with the manner of one suddenly relieved from embarrassment. "In fact, I may say I have made up my mind to do so."

"Indeed?" said Tom, a little amazed. Then he proceeded, with a voice modestly lowered: "We think, Minna and I, of a house somewhere about Madison Avenue."

"I," said Harry, complacently, "am going to have a house on Murray Hill."

A string of Dick's fiddle snapped, in his amazement.

"What has happened?" he asked. "Have you both found the philosopher's stone? Is there an oil well in the garden?"

"The fact is," Tom explained, "I've made rather a good hit in business, and I'm likely to do pretty well, and I hardly think this place would suit us any longer."

"And," said Harry, "I may mention now that I am about to marry a lady—Mrs. Chrysal, a widow, you know—and Murray Hill suits her."

There was a general murmur of surprise. Then there were congratulations, of course. Then every one thought of poor Dick, and what was to become of him.

"As to this place," Tom said, "I suppose we can manage to get rid of it."

"You can," Dick replied, calmly. "I shall be glad to take it off your hands. I intend to live here always."

"You?—here always? What can you do with this house and all these rooms?"

"Why, the fact is, you see," said Dick, "that I'm going to be married too, and the girl that's to be my wife was born here, and lived here most of her life—that's why she used to look over the gate, Minna—and she would rather live here than any where else in the world; and so would I."

There was a momentary pause; and then all shook hands. Every one perhaps felt a little ashamed, except Dick alone. But he soon played some lively airs, and poured into his friends the inspiration of his own happiness, and they all went to rest that night in content with the world. May they all be happy in the future—and more especially Dick!

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JULY, 1876.

Sunday, 30.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

AUGUST.

Sunday, 6.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 13.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 20.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday, 27.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

MR. MOODY has so far settled his plan of labor for next winter as to determine that his time shall be spent in Chicago and Boston. At a recent meeting with more than three hundred ministers and representatives of the Boston churches, a preference for January 1 was indicated by many present as the most desirable time for beginning services in that city. It is thought likely, therefore, that the first meetings will be held in Chicago.

One of the pleasant fraternal incidents of the present time is the erection and dedication in the Mount Olivet Cemetery, Baltimore, of a monument to the Rev. JESSE LEE by New-England Methodists. The anniversary day of the preaching of his first sermon in New England—July 11—was selected for the ceremonies. The monument is of Scotch granite, fourteen feet high, and has on its north side the inscription, "New England Methodists erect this tribute to the memory of the Rev. JESSE LEE on the eighty-sixth anniversary of his first sermon in Boston, preached under the Old Elm on the Common, July 11, 1790." On the south side are the words, "JESSE LEE, Apostle of Methodism to New England." The dedication ceremonies were witnessed by several hundred persons.

Bishop EDWARD FIELD, of the Anglican diocese of Newfoundland, whose death has been recently announced, was a man of great originality of character as well as of unsparing devotion to Christian work. It was his habit to make his visitations of his diocese in a schooner, which had been presented to him by a friend. This episcopal vessel cruised yearly along twelve hundred miles of coast, the bishop often taking the helm, or pulling an oar when he ran into little creeks and inlets. He had gathered about him in his diocese a company of clergymen who shared largely his spirit. So thoroughly had he trained himself to self-denial that he hardly felt it. "What does Mr. —— want of an outfit?" he once asked. "I really don't know what an outfit means; I can only say, I had none. I bought a new portmanteau because my former one was a very bad one, and a few pairs of socks because my others were worn out." The bishop lived to the ripe age of seventy-five, and had held his episcopal office twenty-two years.

At the recent Andover Seminary Commencement, the Rev. Dr. C. CUSHING presented a full review of Congregationalism during the century. The 700 churches in 1776 have increased to nearly 3500 in 1876. The number of members has reached 350,000. This increase is not equal to that of general population, "nor has it kept pace with that of other denominations." Part of the denominational loss is charged by Dr. CUSHING to the Unitarian movement, and part to the old "plan of union" with the Presbyterians. Much of the work of the Congregationalists for the century, it is claimed, "consists in what they have done in and through other denominations. To the Presbyterians in particular they have furnished much material, not only church members, but ministers, and have largely moulded the institutions of the land and the character of the people."

Apropos of the entrance of the Pope upon the thirty-first year of his episcopate, the *Osservatore Romano* collects together some striking facts. During his pontificate PIUS IX. has raised twenty-six bishoprics to the grade of metropolitan, has created five archbishoprics and one hundred and twenty-nine bishoprics in places where no episcopal sees existed before, and has established three apostolic delegations, thirty-one apostolic vicarates, and fourteen apostolic prefectures. Since his accession to the papacy, six emperors, eighteen kings, and six Presidents of the United States have died. These facts show the extreme duration of the reign of the Pope; yet it has been exceeded by that of Queen VICTORIA, who completed the thirty-ninth year since her accession to the throne on the 20th of June.

The first meeting of the Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, which was held in Toronto in June, was almost wholly occupied with the consideration of the MACDONNELL case. The Rev. D. J. MACDONNELL was charged with heresy in relation to the doctrine of the endless punishment of the wicked. He explained his position as being one of doubt only. On the question whether his explanation was satisfactory, a long debate was had. The Assembly decided that it was not satisfactory, and virtually ordered the suspension of Mr. MACDONNELL for one year. The statistics show 83,434 communicants, in 51,501 families. There are in the churches 236,728 sittings. The sums paid the ministers for stipends during the year amounted to $423,237; the total of contributions for all purposes was $948,632.

The number and distribution of the Jews in the world are difficult to ascertain, exact statistics not having been collected. A recent writer estimates the aggregate to be 7,074,858. Of this number, five and a half millions are found in Europe, a half million in Asia, three-quarters of a million in Africa, and a quarter of a million in America. England contains 70,000 (some say 50,000), mostly in London. The number of Hebrews in New York is placed at 80,000, and the number in Chicago at 30,000.

Perhaps no religious celebration of the centenary of American independence was linked with more historical associations than that of the Moravian town of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania. The Moravian Church claims to be the lineal descendant of the ancient reformers of Bohemia; their modern history, however, dates from their settlement in Herrnhut, Saxony, in 1727. Their first attempt to colonize in Georgia was a failure; here JOHN WESLEY was associated with them as a fellow-colonist. Removing thence to WHITEFIELD's estate at Nazareth, in Pennsylvania, they found a home at Bethlehem in 1741. Count ZINZENDORF, who was then visiting North America, gave the village its name. A most remarkable fact in its history is its permanent continuance as an exclusively Moravian settlement for one hundred and three years, until 1845. During the Revolutionary war Bethlehem was much used as a retreat for sick soldiers, the brethren having more than once several hundred committed to their care. The town, now grown to a population of 10,000, is still the chief centre of the Church in North America, and contains a theological school and a university.

The comment of the New York *Tablet* on the paragraph of this Intelligence in relation to the murder of FELIX MARTINEZ in Mexico, for the offense of reading the Bible to his neighbors, has been much copied by the press. The *Tablet's* apology for the murder is condemned in terms of becoming severity. The *Christian Mirror*, the organ of the Maine Congregationalists, says that the language of the *Tablet* "gives a realizing idea of how far the old spirit of the Inquisition and religious persecution still underlies the Catholicism of our day and country." The *Religious Telescope* (Dayton, Ohio) thus comments: "They who fancy that Catholic priests or those whom they control have cut loose from the traditional persecuting spirit of papal Rome are greatly mistaken."

In the struggle now going on in England between the friends of secular and the friends of denominational education the "National Society for the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church" plays an important part. At its sixty-fifth annual meeting, held in June, it was reported that the Church schools in receipt of government aid had increased in 1875 by 650, while Board schools had increased by 298. The increase of children attending Board schools in 1875 was 88,992; the increase for the Church schools was 57,828—showing a more rapid growth of the former. The total number of children in average attendance in 1875 was, for Church schools, 1,175,289; for Board schools, 227,285. The amount of government aid was 12*s.* 8¼*d.* per child to Church schools, and 11*s.* 5¼*d.* per child to Board schools. During the year which ended August 31, 1875, £230,390 were expended in building additional Church schools, and £528,483 for maintenance. The report protested against the taxation of members of the Established Church for the support of schools from which direct religious teaching is excluded.

Father CHINIQUY, whose work among the French Roman Catholics of Canada has aroused bitter opposition, has been arrested, and is now at large on bail. He has addressed a letter to the Protestants of Canada, in which he says: "I had, I dare say, miraculously escaped death a few days before [the arrest] in the streets of Ottawa; a stone of considerable size, thrown with such force that it broke into two parts when touching an iron bar of the carriage, would have surely taken my life if the hand of God" had not interposed. He appeals for help to enable him to defend himself against his enemies.

A Memphis correspondent of the Detroit *Tribune* bears testimony to the success of the educational work carried on by Northern Christians among the freedmen of the South. All the schools for colored children in Memphis are taught by colored teachers, who are mostly graduates of Fisk University, at Nashville. At Memphis is the Le Moyne Normal School, founded by Dr. LE MOYNE, of Washington, Pennsylvania, and now in active operation. This school is under the direction of the American Missionary Association.

Father HYACINTHE's lectures on the "Prospects of Christendom," recently delivered in London, indicate that he still hopes for a visible unity of the Church under one compact organization. On his second appearance he had among his hearers Mr. GLADSTONE, the Duke of Argyle, the Bishop of Carlisle, Lord EBURY, Professor LEATHES, and many other men of note. He is as eloquent as ever, but less hopeful of seeing his ideal of the Christian Church embodied in fact. He demanded reform by two processes; (1) a rupture with the papacy; (2) by faithfulness to the order of the Church. The papacy, as a universal episcopate, Father HYACINTHE of course rejected. He paid a merited tribute to the Liberal Catholics, represented by MONTALEMBERT, LACORDAIRE, and GRATRY. "The Liberal Catholics," he said, "who remain in the Church, place their hopes in the next papal election. But if a moderate Pope should be elected, his diplomatic concessions and those of theology would but entrap the secular power till his successor brought back the present system; and if a fanatical Pope should succeed PIO NONO, he would precipitate the crisis." As to the second principle of reform, faithfulness to the order of the Church, he expressed the hope that "the three great Episcopal Churches—the Latin, the Greek, and the Anglican—would join in a corporate unity, while looking with sympathy upon all outside their pale who are faithful servants of the cross." As far as appears from this lecture, Father HYACINTHE's position does not differ materially from that of Dr. DÖLLINGER and his associates.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AT an auction of miscellaneous articles out-of-doors it began to sprinkle, when a by-stander advised the auctioneer that the next article he had better put up should be an umbrella.

"Where is the East?" inquired a tutor one day of a very little pupil. "Where the morning comes from," was the prompt and pleasant answer.

A sensible writer advises those who would enjoy eating to keep good-humored, for, says he, "an angry man can not tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrellas."

A critic says that the pig is the great civilizer of the Pacific, and that no preaching against cannibalism has been so effective as placing before the natives a more dainty dish than man.

An Irish agricultural journal advertises a new washing-machine under the heading, "Every man his own washer-woman," and in its culinary department says that "potatoes should always be boiled in cold water."

OFF HIS NATIVE HEATH.—At some penny readings recently a cockney was attempting to recite a part of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, but with indifferent success. A brawny Scot in the audience, indignant at the ruthless murder of his native tongue, bawled out, "Whaur's yer awksent, mun?" "Why, you've got it," answered the cockney, to the intense delight of the audience.

A young gentleman, after having for some time paid his addresses to a lady, popped the question. The lady, in a frightened manner, said, "You scare me, Sir." The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady, and consequently remained silent for some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again."

When a young lady stretches out a pretty little hand and asks you to undo her glove for her, isn't she exercising an *undo* influence on your feelings?

Wiggins junior heard his father say at breakfast that "imitation is the sincerest flattery." So, when he was on his way to school, he imitated a squinting policeman he met by the way. The insulted guardian of the peace arrested little Wiggins, but let him off with a sound shaking, and the exaction of a promise that he would not mock him any more. Wiggy has lost a considerable amount of confidence in the wisdom of age.

A RHYMING PUZZLE.—A prize was once offered to the person who could find a rhyme to the word "window." The prize was awarded for the following effort:

"A cruel man a beetle caught,
And to the wall him pinned, oh!
Then said the beetle to the crowd,
'Though I'm stuck up, I am not proud;'
And his soul went out of the window."

MEN OF DECISION—Judges.

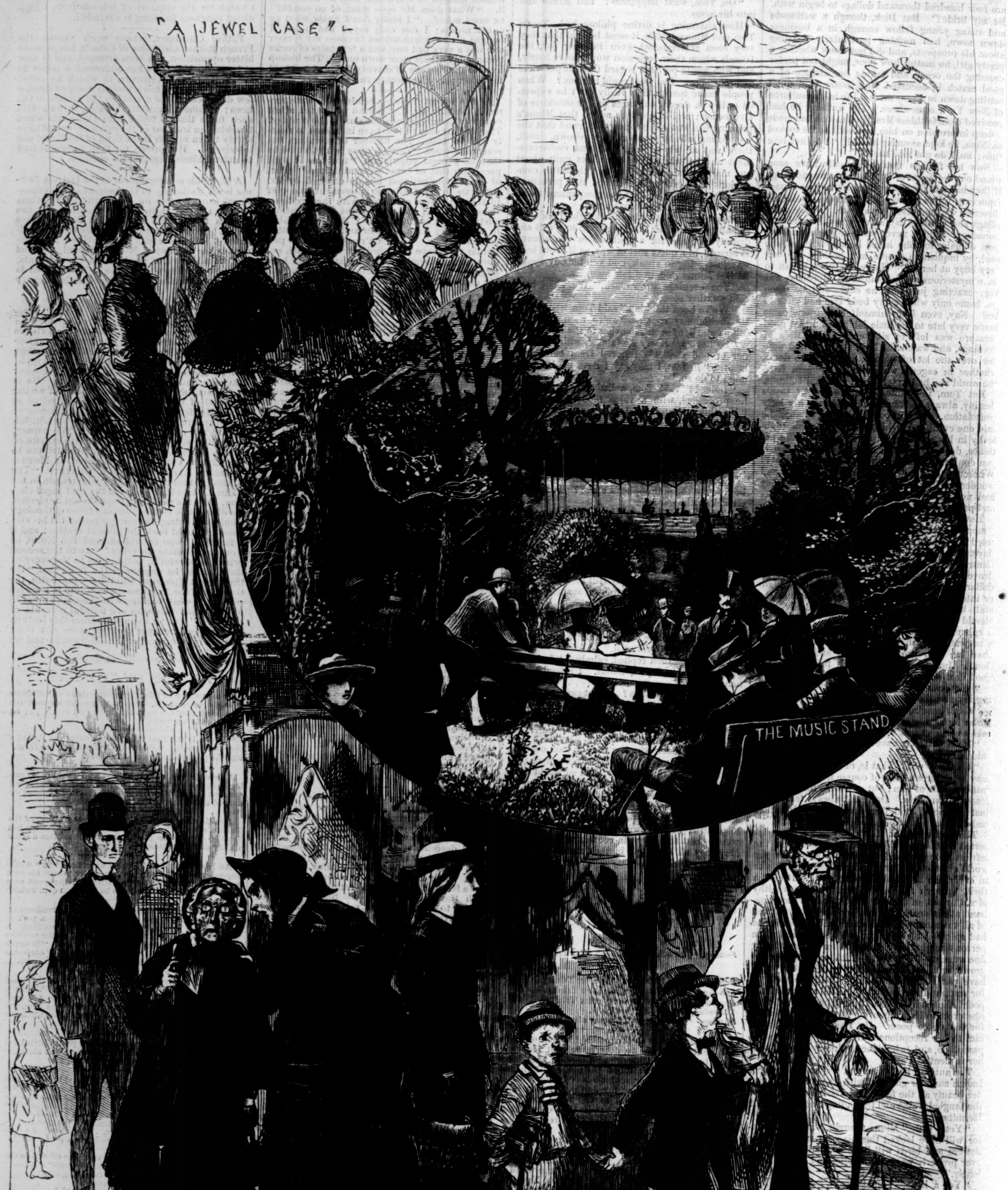
COLD COMFORT—Ice in the hot weather.

QUERY.—Is not a beau the proper adjunct for the matrimonial tie?

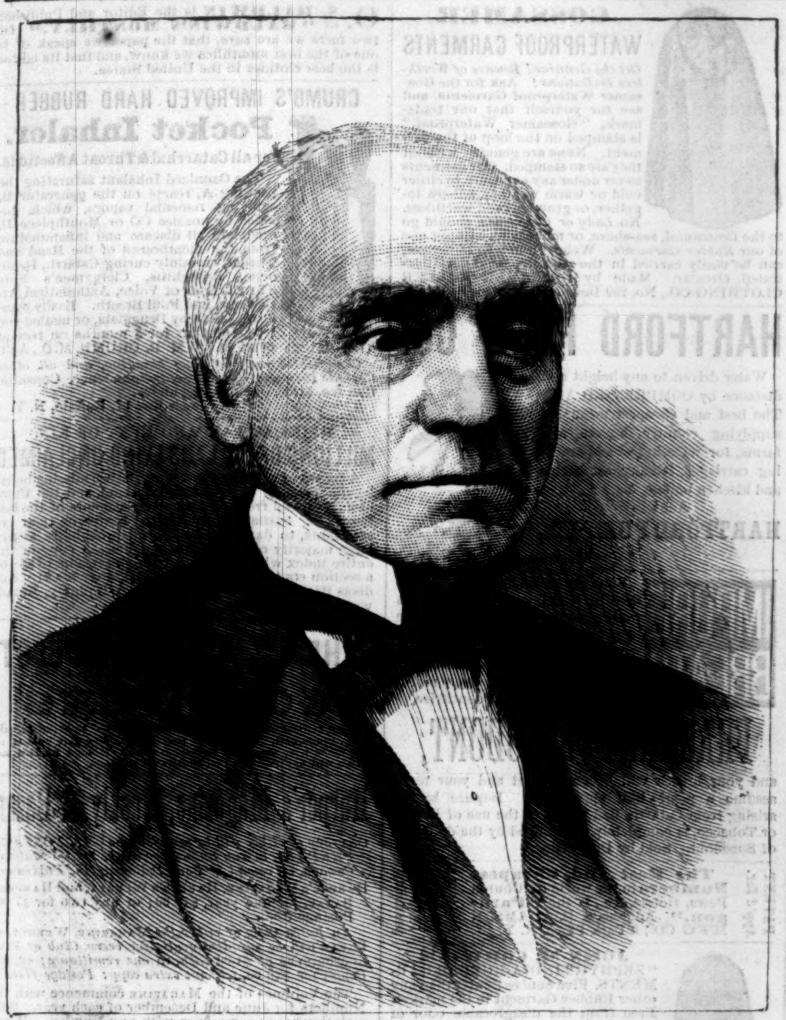
"In Spain," says a lady correspondent, "women may frequently be seen tilling the fields."—Ah, indeed! we thought they were more partial to *man-tillers.*

A well-known pseudo-monk of the present day was formerly curate to a clergyman in Scotland, who was paralyzed. Upon being asked in what way he was accustomed to assist in the services, he used to reply, "I used to assist at the baptisms." "How so?" the querist demanded. "When the infant was very vigorous," he replied, "I used to hold its legs."

Political economists, Senators, Representatives, and statesmen generally are forever trying to make money plenty and cheap. But when a modest and ingenious counterfeiter quietly steps in and shows them how to do it, he is clapped into a penitentiary for his pains.



THE CENTENNIAL—SOME OF THE PEOPLE WE MEET.—[SEE PAGE 613.]

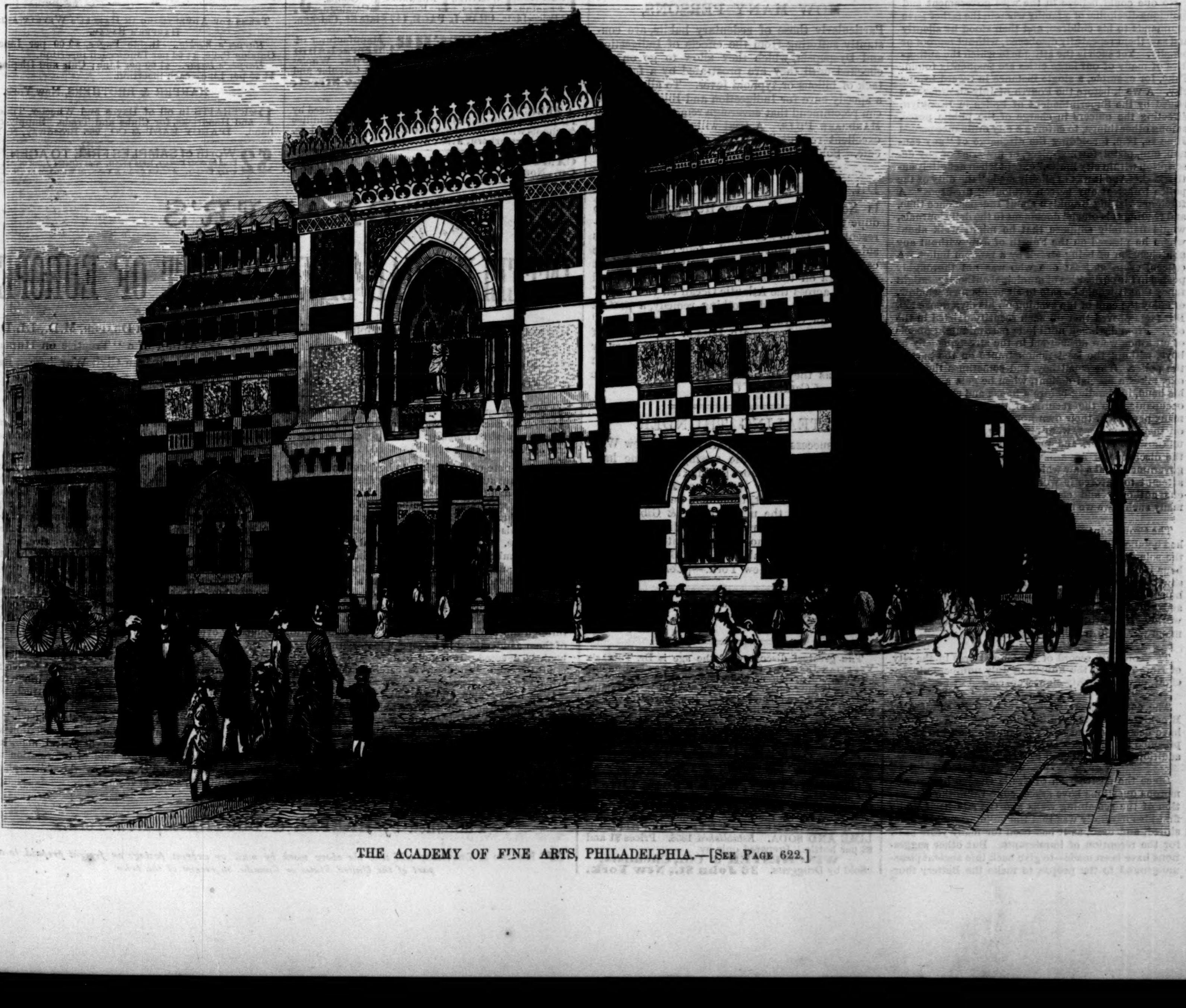


THE HON. LOT M. MORRILL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

MURAD V., SULTAN OF TURKEY.—[SEE PAGE 622.]

THE HON. LOT M. MORRILL.

MR. MORRILL, the new Secretary of the Treasury, is a statesman of long and distinguished service in public affairs. He was born in Belgrade, Maine, in 1815. At the age of nineteen years he entered Waterville College, in that State, afterward studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1839. Mr. MORRILL made his entry into political life in 1854, when he was elected to the Maine Legislature. In 1856 he was elected to the State Senate, and became its President. Two years afterward he was elected Governor of the State, and was re-elected in 1859 and 1860. Senator HAMLIN having been elected Vice-President, Mr. MORRILL was chosen to take his place in the United States Senate for the remainder of his term; and in 1863 he was re-elected for the term ending 1869. On the death of Senator FESSENDEN, Mr. MORRILL was again elected to the Senate, for the term ending in 1877. During all the years he has occupied a seat in the Senate, Mr. MORRILL has served on important committees, and has proved himself to be a statesman of great sagacity and practical ability. The President's choice of a successor to Secretary BRISTOW is approved by all who wish to see the finances of the nation wisely and honestly administered.



THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 622.]

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

MURAD EFFENDI, the new Caliph and Sultan of Turkey, of whom we give a portrait on page 621, is the eldest son of ABDUL-MEDJID, the predecessor of ABDUL-AZIZ. He was born September 21, 1840. He is one of fourteen nephews and nieces of the late Sultan, and, by the law which prevails in Turkey, had priority of succession over either of the five children who were born to ABDUL-AZIZ. But in spite of this, MURAD, the legitimate heir-presumptive, had been put aside and sacrificed to the young YOUSSOUF-IZEDDIN, son of ABDUL-AZIZ, whom the latter wanted to make his heir in opposition to the Mussulman law of succession. Latterly MURAD had been placed in confinement, the late Sultan being apparently afraid that the movement of the Softas would result in an attempt at revolution. It appears, however, that for some years the late Sultan was much attached to his nephew, and would most likely have continued so but for an involuntary offense to his pride. At an interview between the Emperor NAPOLEON and the Sultan, during the Sultan's visit to France, the former inquired for Prince MURAD, and learning that he was near, insisted upon his presence. MURAD was accordingly introduced, and as he entered, the Emperor NAPOLEON stood up; ABDUL-AZIZ was consequently obliged to do the same, and never pardoned his nephew for having been the unintentional cause of what he considered a degradation to his sovereignty. Having been allowed to see the state of the country which he is now called upon to govern, Sultan MURAD is not so inexperienced as most of the later monarchs who have sat on the Turkish throne. He has seen Western Europe, and, it is reported, has read political economy and constitutional law.

PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

THIS magnificent building, of which we give a picture on the preceding page, stands on the south-west corner of Broad and Cherry streets. The structure, of the Byzantine style of architecture, is of mingled brick and stone. Over the portal on Broad Street stands a broken marble statue of Ceres of colossal size. This noble fragment of antique art was unearthed at Megara, in Greece; it was brought thence by Commodore PATERSON, and presented by him to the Academy.

The lower story of the building is devoted mainly to lecture-rooms, galleries of casts, painting and modeling rooms. The upper story, which is reached by a spacious flight of stairs, contains the galleries for the display of paintings, sculptures, and other works of art. In all its appointments the Philadelphia Academy is one of the most elegant and commodious fine art buildings in the world.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

No one could believe in the wise government and judicious discipline of a family wherein the father gave commands to his children, and then stood by silently and saw them repeatedly disobeyed, without reproof or penalty. Yet such is the attitude in which the authorities of many of our large cities are frequently found. Take, for example, a single instance in regard to one city. A week before the Fourth of July an order was issued by the Superintendent of Police in Brooklyn, directing the officers in charge of the public peace, among other things, to enforce a city ordinance passed June 26, 1876, forbidding the discharge of "any cannon, gun, pistol, fowling-piece, or fire-arms of any description within city limits," except when definitely authorized. And it was explicitly made "the duty of the police to arrest any person exploding fire-arms." A foreigner visiting Brooklyn about Independence time, and reading this official document in the daily journals, would naturally suppose that he might walk about where he pleased on the Fourth of July without any apprehension of being struck by a random bullet. A citizen, even—at least one who was not thoroughly posted in the curiosities of municipal authority—might fancy that it would be safe to sit by his own window, or enjoy the cool of the evening on his own door-step. But facts proved that no such security existed in the city. From daybreak until long past midnight pistols of all kinds were discharged in the streets, chiefly by boys, without the least remonstrance on the part of the police. The small boy, and sometimes the large one, takes a special delight, when he gets a pistol in his hand, in standing before a house and startling the occupants. So the records of the day showed that many persons in their own houses or yards, or sitting on their door-steps, were struck by a bullet from an unknown quarter, and many more were injured by the discharge of fire-arms. It is a simple axiom in government that a law which the ruling powers do not attempt to enforce is worse than no law. It weakens authority and emboldens criminals. Yet how many such laws we have!

The Crow scout who first reported the disaster which had befallen General Custer's forces seems to have been the sole surviving witness of the terrible fight. Perhaps it may be doubtful exactly how much he really saw before he escaped to tell the dreadful tale. But he says that the Sioux completely surrounded Custer, and killed his horses, using their bodies for breast-works. He further states that Custer and all his command were killed within an hour.

The complete record of Centennial fires in the city of New York on the Fourth of July numbers ninety-eight, of which eighty-eight were caused by fire-works.

The counterfeiters who were recently arrested in Brooklyn while engaged in making counterfeit money have been tried, and two of them sentenced to be imprisoned for ten years and one for five years, with the addition of a fine in each case.

Since the destruction of Castle Garden by fire, numerous questions have arisen concerning the disposition of the remaining walls and the site itself. The first idea naturally was that the building should be restored, and used, as it has been for many years past, for the reception of immigrants. But other suggestions have been made—to give back this ancient pleasure-ground to the people, to make the Battery thoroughly attractive, and, in time, to erect residences on the water-front. Whether the suggestion will ever be carried out remains to be seen.

A curious volume, consisting of an autobiography of Elizabeth Evans, the alleged original of Dinah Morris in *Adam Bede*, has been published under the title of *George Eliot in Derbyshire.*

In consequence of the terrible heat of the early part of July, a large number of soldiers belonging to the First Brigade, National Guard, encamped near Trenton, New Jersey, were sun-struck. The location selected for the camp proved to be an intensely hot one, and the prostration was so general and severe that the most serious consequences were apprehended.

At a recent meeting of the Centennial Commission at Philadelphia the resolution providing for keeping the Exhibition closed on Sunday was adopted by a vote of the States—30 to 9.

On the Fourth of July an attempt was made in Oronogo, Missouri, to raise the rebel flag, by a few Northern Copperheads and Arkansas and Missouri rebels. The flag was completed, and a party formed to march out and raise it publicly, when an opposing party suddenly aroused themselves, and threatened to shoot down any one who attempted to hoist the rebel flag on Missouri soil. This settled the whole matter, and the rebels retired.

During such an exceedingly long heated term as we experienced in June and early July, good judgment and common-sense should lead to modifications of plans and arrangements which may not be objectionable in ordinary weather. Unusual fatigue should always be avoided in oppressive weather, if it is possible, and unquestionably any thing like long parades in the sweltering sun should be prohibited. Two police parades which recently took place in Brooklyn, in honor of the deceased Commissioner of the Board and an officer in the police corps, caused very serious results among the members of the police force. One died in consequence of fatigue and heat, and others, at the time of this writing, are prostrated from the same cause, and may not recover.

A story is told of General Custer during the civil war. It occurred in 1864, when Rosser followed the rear-guard of the Army of the Shenandoah so pertinaciously down the valley. General Sheridan finally ordered Custer's division to drive him back. Rosser's cavalry was drawn up within plain sight of our lines. Custer formed his cavalry for the charge, and then rode out toward Rosser slowly, all alone. Rosser was an old friend at West Point. Custer was a very striking figure, with his long yellow hair floating over his shoulders, his red neck-tie, his dashing hussar jacket, and a wide-brimmed, bandit-looking hat thrown backward on his head. He rode slowly out, entirely clear of his command, toward Rosser, many yards to the front; then halted and lifted his hat and made a royal cavalier salute to Rosser, dropping his hat to the horse's side. He then rode slowly back, placed himself at the head of his command, and ordered the charge. The charge was so sudden and impetuous that Rosser was swept before it like the wind, and he was followed at a run to Rood's Hill, miles distant, without ever having a chance to re-form, and with only one piece of his artillery left.

HOW MANY PERSONS,

Particularly those of sedentary habits, are constantly suffering from the effects of Indigestion and Dyspepsia, which they allow to go on unchecked until they are prostrated by a fatal attack of bilious or typhoid fever. To all desiring a speedy cure for Indigestion and Biliousness we can recommend that sovereign remedy, SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS. A trial will demonstrate the excellent remedial qualities of this great medicine. Sold by all druggists.—[*Com.*]

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY

Is No PATENT MEDICINE HUMBUG, got up to dupe the ignorant and credulous; nor is it represented as being "composed of rare and precious substances brought from the four corners of the earth, carried seven times across the great Desert of Sahara on the backs of fourteen camels, and brought across the Atlantic Ocean on two ships." It is a simple, mild, soothing remedy, a perfect Specific for CATARRH and "COLD IN THE HEAD;" also for Offensive Breath, Loss or Impairment of the Sense of Smell, Taste, or Hearing, Watery or Weak Eyes, Pain or Pressure in the Head, when caused, as they all not unfrequently are, by the violence of Catarrh.—[*Com.*]

STEALING THUNDER.

THE success and popularity of the new Willcox & Gibbs Automatic sewing-machine have tempted some of its more pushing and less scrupulous competitors to try and steal its thunder. The public can not, therefore, be too strongly cautioned that the new Willcox & Gibbs Automatic is the only machine in the world with tension requiring no change whatever for any thickness of material. No. 658 Broadway (corner Bond Street), New York.—[*Com.*]

SAVE YOUR HAIR.—If you wish to save your hair and keep it strong and healthy, use BURNETT'S COCOAINE.—[*Com.*]

THE greatest discovery of the age is Dr. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT for the cure of aches and pains; also cholera, dysentery, colic, and vomiting; warranted for over twenty-seven years, and never failed. No family or traveler should be without it. It is worth its weight in gold. Sold by the druggists.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CONSUMPTION, Weak Lungs, Throat diseases, Dyspepsia, General Debility, Loss of Strength, Flesh, and Appetite, and all diseases arising from Poverty of the Blood, promptly and radically cured by WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA. *Established* 1858. Prices $1 and $2 per bottle. Prepared only by
WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists,
Sold by Druggists. **36 John St., New York.**

GOSSAMER
WATERPROOF GARMENTS

Get the Genuine! Beware of Worthless Imitations! Ask for the Gossamer Waterproof Garments, and see for yourself that our trade-mark, "Gossamer Waterproof," is stamped on the loop of the garment. None are genuine without they are so stamped. Our garments never under any exposure, to either cold or warm weather, adhere together, or grow soft and worthless. No *Lady or Gentleman* should go to the *Centennial*, sea-shore, or mountains without one of our *Rubber Garments*. Weigh from 9 to 16 ounces, can be easily carried in the pocket. Send for Illustrated circular. Made by GOSSAMER RUBBER CLOTHING CO., No. 289 Devonshire Street, Boston.

HARTFORD PUMP CO.

Water driven to any height and distance by COMPRESSED AIR. The best and cheapest means of supplying country houses and farms, for watering stock, washing carriages, feeding set basins and kitchen boilers, &c.
Address
HARTFORD PUMP CO.,
Hartford, Conn.

IMPURE BREATH You are troubled with a bad Breath; it annoys your friends as well as yourself. You would like to get rid of it, but scarcely know what means to adopt. We will tell you. Cleanse your teeth and rinse your mouth thoroughly every morning with that peerless dentifrice,

FRAGRANT SOZODONT,

and your breath will become sweet and your teeth assume a pearl-like appearance. Impure breath arising from Catarrh, Bad Teeth, or the use of Liquor or Tobacco, is completely neutralized by the daily use of Sozodont. Sold by Druggists.

PATENT App'd for. **The Best and Cheapest Numbers** in the world for Church Pews, Hotels, &c., is the "**Paragon.**" Address S. E. ADAMSON M'F'G CO., 3 Park Place, N. Y. Price 30c. Nickel. Engraved on Solid

JOHN M. CORWIN'S "ZEPHYR" INDIA-RUBBER GARMENTS. Five ounces lighter than any other Rubber Garment in the market. Free from the disagreeable odor of other Rubber goods. No shiney gloss. Handsome as a rich black silk. They supersede all other makes. They have the trade-mark, Corwin's Zephyr, on the band. No Lady should go out of town without one. Send for circular. Made by JOHN M. CORWIN Trade "Zephyr" Mark India-Rubber Co., 57 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MINTON'S ENGLISH FLOOR TILING.
T WIRE WORK, CRESTING, FENCING. I STABLE FITTINGS, WEATHER VANES. L STOVES, RANGES, FURNACES. E HOUSE-KEEPING GOODS. S. Send for Catalogues and Price-Lists. CHAS. L. PAGE, 147 State St., Chicago.

C. STEHR, Manufacturer of **Meerschaum Pipes & Amber Goods.** Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. **347 Broome Street,** 3 doors from Bowery.

AMERICAN School Inst., founded 1855. Endorsed by highest Educational Authorities. Supplies families & schools with reliable teachers. Explanatory Circulars. J. W. Schermerhorn, A.M., Actuary, 14 Bond St., N.Y.

CAMP LOUNGE Co., NORWALK, CONN. ($12, $4, and $5. Cuts free. Sold by N.Y. Sporting trade.)

O. S. BALDWIN is the Editor and Publisher of "**BALDWIN'S MONTHLY.**" Of two facts we are sure, that the paper we speak of is one of the best monthlies we know, and that its editor is the best clothier in the United States.

CRUMB'S IMPROVED HARD RUBBER
Pocket Inhaler.

(*Patented* 1873.)

For all Catarrhal & Throat Affections.

The Ozonized Inhalant saturating the packing A, reacts on the generator B, evolving remedial vapors, which, inhaled by nozzles CC or Mouthpiece D, eradicate all disease and inflammation from the membranes of the Head and Throat, certainly curing Catarrh, Headache, Bronchitis, Clergymen's Sore Throat, Loss of Voice, Asthmatical Affections, and Foul Breath. Easily managed. Sold by Druggists, or mailed you with Inhalant for 3 months on receipt of $2 00. WM. R. CRUMB, M.D., Ag't.
Complicated cases of long standing, and all other Chronic Diseases, treated by correspondence. Consultation fee, $1 00. Address as above,
Lock Box 37, Buffalo, N. Y.

HEIRS AT LAW AND NEXT OF KIN.
MILLIONS OF DOLLARS LYING UNCLAIMED

A record of unclaimed property, 50,000 missing heirs, legatees, &c., in Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies. Collated from official advertisements of the last 150 years. Settlers in the United States, or their descendants, to day represent in all probability a very large majority of the legal claimants. A copy of the entire index will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of $5; or a section containing a single initial letter for $1. Address HOWORTH & CLARE, Knox Building, Broadway, New York City.

THE **BEST**
GOLD PENS

Are manufactured by JOHN HOLLAND, No. 19 West Fourth St., Cincinnati. By a patent process he alloys pure gold so as to make it as elastic as Damascus Steel. **Prices as low as the old style.** Send for illustrated price list.

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, & Bazar.

One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID, to any Subscriber in the United States or Canada, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00: Postage free.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy: Postage free.*

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S BAZAR.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

PORTRAITS in oil of Hayes and Wheeler, Tilden and Hendricks, for Clubs and Trade. Supply on hand. D'ARCY EAST & CO., 265 Broadway, N. Y.

$2 Worth of SAMPLES FREE TO AGENTS Send 25 cents Postage, large profits. One reliable Agent wanted in every County. Address Cooke & Cobb, 30 Whitehall St., N. Y.

DRAPER'S
INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE.

History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of New York, Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," "Civil Policy of America," "History of the American Civil War," &c. Revised Edition, in Two Volumes. 12mo, Cloth, $3 00; Half Calf, $6 50.

This edition of the "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe" has been prepared expressly to supply a popular demand for a cheap and convenient edition of a work which has been translated into every important modern language of Europe, and has received the commendation of the greatest thinkers of America and other countries.

The key-note of the book is to be found in a daring and pregnant analogy. The analogy drawn is between the nation and the individual man. In the life of the individual, maintains our author, is to be found the epitome of national life. After taking much pains to establish his point, he goes on to deduce the desired conclusions. The conditions of moral existence are five in number, namely, Infancy, Childhood, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age, and these periods have their clearly defined counterparts in the history of any nation. In connection with these periods Dr. Draper notes the age of Credulity, of Inquiry, of Faith, of Reason, and of Decrepitude. Every nation has passed through these different ages, and to an examination of them as identified in European history the present book is devoted. It is full of original thought and erudition, and well deserves careful study.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

It is a very able and profound work, written in graceful style, and presents the philosophy of history from a scientific stand-point not previously attempted, and as drawn from the intellectual progress of the race.—*Lutheran Observer*, Philadelphia.

We consider it the most remarkable and original book of the century. It is a generalization of all history and all science.—*Troy Whig.*

It is not only an able and connected history, but likewise a brilliant specimen of practical, inductive philosophy. It is considered so valuable in London that a movement has been organized to present a copy of it to such ministers of the Gospel as may be unable to buy it. The author has indeed put his materials to a noble use. His facts are comprehensive, but he has done something more than simply string them together. On the contrary, he has endowed them with life and spirit, and shown the destiny with which they are freighted. His sympathies are as warm as his mind is clear and brilliant, and the new presentation of the results of his labors in these two volumes will be welcomed by every scholar in the land.—*Boston Post.*

Dr. Draper is a rapid and eloquent writer. His gatherings and grouping of historical and physiological facts are interesting and impressive. * * * No intelligent reader can peruse the admirably illustrated line of argument without being greatly instructed by them.—*Zion's Herald*, Boston.

Dr. Draper, as is well known, wrote this work to establish what he considers the intimate relationship of the physiological with the historical man, and he has here covered a vast field of information not often gathered up and treated from the philosophical stand-point.—*Springfield Republican.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send the above work by mail or express, postage or freight prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

Rogers' Statuary

$10 and upward.

"Checkers up at the Farm."

Just Completed.

20 Inches High; Price $15.

Inclose 10 cents for Illustrated Catalogue and prints of lawn subjects, to **JOHN ROGERS, 1155 Broadway, cor. 27th St., New York.** (Formerly 212 Fifth Ave.)

IT MUST BE VALUABLE.

A great many cases of remarkable cures of noises in the head and cases of Catarrh are reported in different newspapers. The last two come to us from the Oswego papers. James Muldoon, a well-known citizen of Oswego, suffered for many years from deafness and noises in the head. DR. VON MOSCHZISKER'S EAR SPECIFIC, used in combination with his CATARRH Remedy entirely eradicated the noises, and restored him his hearing. Another similar case with the same result was that of a Mr. BARRY, the father of the editor of the *Oswego Palladium*. Both cases are published as remarkable cures by the Oswego papers. These remedies can be ordered from any Druggist, and by them from JOHN F. HENRY, CURRAN & Co., N. Y.; or, direct from 198 Genesee St., Utica, N. Y. Price, Ear Remedy, $1 50; Catarrh Remedy, $1 75.

MAGIC NEEDLE Threader

For Sewing Machines; also Electric for Hand Needles. Only perfect threaders made. Used by the Blind in all Asylums. Mailed for **25** cts. Large discount to dealers. Agents wanted. WELLS MFG. CO., **35** Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

OPIUM Habit Cured.

A Certain and Sure Cure. Large reduction in prices. A trial bottle free. Mrs. J. A. DROLLINGER, LaPorte, Ind. Box 1038. (Formerly Mrs. Dr. S. B. Collins.)

Cut Paper Patterns

OF

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

IN

HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. Printed Directions accompany each Suit. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Suit Patterns are now ready:

Vol. VIII.

LONG FUR-LINED CLOAK, with Long Walking Skirt........ No. 3
FUR-LINED CIRCULAR, with Three-quarter Trained Skirt........ " 3
GIRL'S WARDROBE, French Sacque, with Diagonal Front, Round Over-skirt, Pleated Waist Fastened Behind, Trimmed Skirt, Basque, and Apron (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)........ " 5
HENRI TROIS SACQUE, with Bouffant Over-skirt and Walking Skirt........ " 17
MANTLE, with Shirred Tablier and Walking Skirt........ " 17
CHILD'S WARDROBE, Box-Pleated Blouse, Gabrielle, Yoke Slip, and Sacque (for child from 6 months to 5 years old)........ " 21
PLEATED BASQUE, with Byron Collar, Deep, Round Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt........ " 23
LOOSE BASQUE, with Cardinal Cape, Square Apron, and Walking Skirt........ " 33
DOUBLE-BREASTED FRENCH JACKET, Sheath Over-skirt, and Clinging Walking Skirt........ " 41
CUIRASS BASQUE, Long Square Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt........ " 43
JOCKEY BASQUE, Double Apron with Scarf Back, and Demi-Trained Skirt........ " 43
MARQUISE SACQUE, with Double-Breasted Vest, Trimmed Skirt, and Short Court Train. " 43
LONG CLOAK, Apron with Upright Folds, and Six-Gore Walking Skirt........ " 45
DOUBLE-BREASTED CUIRASS BASQUE, with Byron Collar, Revers Over-skirt, and Clinging Walking Skirt........ " 46
ARMOR BASQUE, Scarf Over-skirt, with Reticule Pocket, and Demi-Trained Skirt........ " 46
MARGUERITE PELISSE, with Six-Gore Walking Skirt........ " 48
PRINCESSE DRESS........ " 48
GIRL'S WARDROBE, Princesse Dress, Kilt Suit (Double-Breasted Sacque, Basque Buttoned Behind, and Kilt Skirt) and Vest Over Dress (for girl from 2 to 9 years old)........ " 50
MARGUERITE WRAPPER........ " 52

Vol. IX.

GIRL'S LINGERIE, Gabrielle Wrapper, Under-Waist, Sacque Night-gown, Sacque Chemise, and Closed Drawers (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)........ " 4
PRINCESSE POLONAISE, with Demi-Trained Skirt........ " 4
BLOUSE BASQUE, La Boiteuse Over-skirt and Full-Trained Skirt........ " 10
CAMBRIC POLONAISE WALKING SUIT... " 12
CONTINENTAL BASQUE, Long, Round Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt........ " 12
LAFAYETTE SACQUE, Drapery Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt........ " 14
CORSET BASQUE, Burnous Over-skirt with Parasol Pocket, and Walking Skirt........ " 18
"SEVENTY-SIX" POLONAISE WALKING SUIT........ " 20
LA BOITEUSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT " 22
POLONAISE BUTTONED BEHIND, with Long Walking Skirt........ " 22
SCARF MANTLE, Long Apron, and Demi-Trained Skirt........ " 24

The Publishers will send either Suit by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Suits will be sent for $2 00. Parties ordering from the British Provinces will please remit TEN CENTS extra for postage on each Suit. No Suits separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

GUNS and Revolvers. Price-lists free. Address Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

THE MOST POPULAR SCHOOL BOOKS NOW PUBLISHED.

HARPER'S

LANGUAGE SERIES.

By WILLIAM SWINTON.

	Retail.	Introduction.	Exchange.
LANGUAGE PRIMER, ...	40 cts.	27 cts.	20 cts.
LANGUAGE LESSONS, ...	50 cts.	34 cts.	25 cts.
SCHOOL COMPOSITION, . . .	50 cts.	34 cts.	25 cts.
PROGRESSIVE GRAMMAR, . . .	75 cts.	50 cts.	38 cts.

Swinton's System of Language Training has received the unqualified approval of the most distinguished educators in the country, including the following:

EDWARD SEARING, *State Supt. of Public Instruction, Wis.*
ABNER J. PHIPPS, *Agent of Board of Education, Mass.*
D. BURT, *State Supt. of Schools, Minn.*
WARREN JOHNSON, *State Supt. of Schools, Me.*
JNO. M. FLEMING, *State Supt. of Schools, Tenn.*
J. W. SIMONDS, *State Supt. of Public Instruction, N. H.*
JNO. H. FRENCH, *Secretary State Board of Education, Vt.*
THOMAS W. BICKNELL, *Commissioner of Public Schools, R. I.*
B. G. NORTHROP, *Secretary of State Board of Education, Conn.*
NATHAN PRATT, *Secretary of State Board of Education, Del.*
J. M. B. SILL, *Supt. of Schools, Detroit, Mich.*
H. F. HARRINGTON, *Supt. of Schools, New Bedford, Mass.*
JNO. COOPER, *Supt. of Schools, Richmond, Ind.*
THOMAS TASH, *Supt. of Schools, Lewiston, Me.*
JNO. B. PEASLEY, *Supt. of Schools, Cincinnati, Ohio.*
W. D. PARKER, *Supt. of Schools, Janesville, Wis.*
E. ADAMS, *President of Board of Education, Concord, N. H.*
W. W. JAMIESON, *Supt. of Schools, Keokuk, Iowa.*
J. G. EDGERLY, *Supt. of Schools, Fitchburg, Mass.*
T. C. TOLLES, *Supt. of Schools, Phillipsburg, N. J.*
W. W. WATERMAN, *Supt. of Schools, Taunton, Mass.*
J. H. SMART, *Supt. of Schools, Fort Wayne, Ind.*
H. M. WILLARD, *Supt. of Schools, Newton, Mass.*
GEORGE B. SEARS, *Supt. of Schools, Newark, N. J.*
AUSTIN GEORGE, *Supt. of Schools, Kalamazoo, Mich.*
J. B. ROBERTS, *Supt. of Schools, Galesburg, Ill.*
MOSES COIT TYLER, *Professor of English Literature, Michigan University.*
W. J. ROLFE, *late Master of High School, Cambridge, Mass.*
JNO. T. LIGGETT, *Chairman Committee on Course of Study, Detroit, Mich.*
L. S. TARBOX, *Chairman Committee on Course of Study, Nashville, Tenn.*
ALEX. KERR, *Professor in University of Wisconsin.*
S. H. CARPENTER, *Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature, University of Wisconsin.*
H. B. HUTCHINS, *Assistant Professor of English History, University of Mich.*
J. H. GILMORE, *Professor of Logic, Rhetoric, and English, University of Rochester, N. Y.*
A. R. BENTON, *Chanc. of the University of Nebraska.*
THOMAS HUNTER, *Pres. Normal College, N. Y. City.*
L. H. CHENEY, *State Normal School, Cape Girardeau, Mo.*
T. L. GRISWOLD, *State Normal School, Bloomsburg, Pa.*
JNO. H. HALDEMAN, *State Normal School, Westfield, Mass.*
D. C. JOHN, *State Normal School, Mankato, Minn.*
H. D. McCARTHY, *State Normal School, Concordia, Kansas.*
T. C. H. VANCE, *State Normal School, Ky.*
H. O. LADD, *State Normal School, Plymouth, N. H.*
W. F. PHELPS, *State Normal School, Winona, Minn.*
LEMUEL AMERMAN, *State Normal School, Mansfield, Pa.*
JNO. C. HARKNESS, *State Normal University, Wilmington, Del.*

It has also been warmly approved by M. BUISSON, Fellow of the University of France, as "the inductive method applied with wonderful skill to the study of the mother tongue."

IT HAS BEEN ADOPTED FOR USE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF

NEW YORK, the largest City in the United States.
PHILADELPHIA, the second in size.
BROOKLYN, the third " "
BOSTON, the sixth " "
BALTIMORE, the seventh " "

And in hundreds of other Cities and Towns, including the following:

NEW ORLEANS, LA.,	NEWARK, N. J.,	GALESBURG, ILL.,
KINGSTON, N. Y.,	MILWAUKEE, WIS.,	FORT WAYNE, IND.,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,	TERRE HAUTE, IND.,	LEWISTON, ME.,
HARRISBURG, PA.,	KALAMAZOO, MICH.,	GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.,
RICHMOND, VA.,	KEY WEST, FLA.,	ELIZABETH, N. J.,
PATERSON, N. J.,	MANCHESTER, N. H.,	CONCORD, N. H.,
LOUISVILLE, KY.,	TRENTON, N. J.,	IOWA CITY, IOWA,
ANN ARBOR, MICH.,	POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.,	NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.,
AUGUSTA, ME.,	EASTON, PA.,	NASHVILLE, TENN.,
DENVER, COL.,	JACKSON, MICH.,	SCHENECTADY, N. Y.,
ATLANTA, GA.,	NEW BEDFORD, MASS.,	OGDENSBURG, N. Y.,
NATCHEZ, MISS.,	SPRINGFIELD, OHIO,	WILMINGTON, DEL.

The aggregate population of the places in which Swinton's System of Language Training is now in successful use is more than SIX MILLIONS.

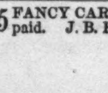
Copies for examination with a view to introduction sent to teachers and school officers on receipt of half the retail price.

Catalogue and Descriptive Circulars of School and College Text-Books mailed free to any teacher or school officer on application.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

PORTABILITY, combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general out door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly from two to six miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing results of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, OCULISTS, OPTICIAN, 687 Broadway, N. Y.

ON THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER, FLORIDA.—1000 acres choice land for sale. Fine River Front, with Orange Grove, Sugar Plantation, Mills, &c., complete. For particulars, Address J. H. NORTON, Attorney, Jacksonville, Fla.



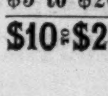
Imitation Gold Watches $15. $20 and $25 each. Chains $2 to $12, to match. Jewelry of the same. Sent C. O. D., by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 335 Broadway, New York. Box 3696

7-SHOT Nickel-Plated Revolvers, with 100 Cartridges, $3 00. Catalogues Free. FELTON & CO., N. Y. City.

25 FANCY CARDS, new styles, with name, 10c., post-paid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, Renns. Co., N. Y.

EACH MOUSE Resets the Trap. sample by mail, postpaid, 50c. **R. E. DIETZ,** *Patentee*, **54 and 56 Fulton St., N. Y.**

$3 **Enterprise Printing Presses.** A Great success. Four sizes. Send stamp for Catalogue to J. COOK & CO., West Meriden, Conn.



Improved Field, Marine, Opera, and Tourists' Glasses, Spectacles, and Eye-Glasses. Artificial Human Eyes. H. WALDSTEIN, Optician, 545 Broadway, N. Y. Catalogues mailed by enclosing stamp.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

$10 to $25 per day. Send for Chromo Catalogue. J. H. BUFFORD'S SONS, Boston Mass.

HARPER & BROTHERS' SUMMER BOOK-LIST.

I.

ORTON'S ANDES AND THE AMAZON. The Andes and the Amazon; or, Across the Continent of South America. By JAMES ORTON, A.M., Professor of Natural History in Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Corresponding Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, and of the Lyceum of Natural History, New York; Author of "Comparative Zoology," &c. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged, containing Notes of a Second Journey Across the Continent from Parà to Lima and Lake Titicaca. With two Maps and Numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

II.

HIDDEN PERILS. A Novel. By MARY CECIL HAY, Author of "Old Myddelton's Money," "Victor and Vanquished," "The Squire's Legacy," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

III.

COX'S GENERAL HISTORY OE GREECE. A General History of Greece, from the Earliest Period to the Death of Alexander the Great. With a Sketch of the Subsequent History to the Present Time. By GEORGE W. COX, M.A. Maps and Plans. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00. Uniform with the *Student's Series.*

IV.

MERIVALE'S GENERAL HISTORY OF ROME. A General History of Rome, from the Foundation of the City to the Fall of Augustulus. B.C. 753–A.D. 476. By CHARLES MERIVALE, D.D., Dean of Ely. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00. Uniform with the *Student's Series.*

V.

HARPER'S GUIDE TO EUROPE AND THE EAST. Harper's Hand-Book for Travellers in Europe and the East: being a guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. With more than 100 Maps and Plans of Cities. Fifteenth Year. In three Volumes. 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $3 00 per Vol.; or the Three Volumes in One, with similar Binding, $7 00.

VOL. I.—Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland.

VOL. II.—Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece.

VOL. III.—Switzerland, Tyrol, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Spain.

VI.

DR. DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of New York, Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," "Civil Policy of America," "History of the American Civil War," &c. Revised Edition, in Two Volumes. 12mo, Cloth, $3 00.

VII.

DANIEL DERONDA. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Middlemarch," "Romola," "Adam Bede," &c. In Two Volumes. 12mo, Cloth, $3 00. (*Vol. I. Now Ready.*)

VIII.

GLADSTONE'S HOMER IN HISTORY. Homeric Synchronism: an Enquiry into the Time and Place of Homer. By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., Author of "Juventus Mundi," "Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion," &c. Post 8vo, Cloth, uncut edges and gilt tops, $2 00.

IX.

THE PRIME MINISTER. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "The Warden," "Barchester Towers," "Orley Farm," "The Small House at Allington," "Phineas Finn," "Phineas Redux," "Doctor Thorne," "The Way We Live Now," "Can You Forgive Her?" &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

X.

COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY. Comparative Zoology, Structural and Systematic. For Use in Schools and Colleges. By JAMES ORTON, A.M., Professor of Natural History in Vassar College; Corresponding Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, and of the Lyceum of Natural History, New York; Author of "The Andes and the Amazon," &c. With 350 Illustrations, Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

XI.

THE DILEMMA. A Novel. By the Author of "The Battle of Dorking." 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

XII.

EARLY MAN IN EUROPE. Early Man in Europe. By CHARLES RAU. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

XIII.

PAUSANIAS THE SPARTAN. An Unfinished Historical Romance. By the late LORD LYTTON. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

XIV.

STRAY STUDIES FROM ENGLAND AND ITALY. By J. R. GREEN, Author of "A Short History of the English People." Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 75; Uncut edges and gilt tops, $2 00.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail or express, postage or freight prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Ten Cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS,

FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE GREAT CENTENNIAL HISTORY

It sells faster than any other book. One Agent sold 61 copies in one day. Send for our extra terms to Agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

PORTABLE Young America, Lightning, and Centennial, best **PRINTING** and cheapest. Circulars free. A Specimen **PRESSES.** Book of type, cuts, &c., 10 cts. Send to YOUNG AMERICA PRESS CO., 53 Murray Street, New York.

XLCR 75 VISITING-CARDS, NO 2 ALIKE, 1 name, 30cts. and 3ct. stamp. 4 packs, 4 names, $1. With one pack for samples you can obtain 20 names per hour easily. Best and prettiest lot of cards for the money ever seen. Sent by return mail. Common cards at unheard-of rates. Address W. C. CANNON, 712 Washington st., Boston, Mass.

$250 A MONTH.—Agents wanted every where. Business honorable and first-class. Particulars sent free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

$77 A WEEK to Agents, Old and Young, Male and Female, in their locality. Terms & OUTFIT FREE. Address P. O. VICKERY & Co., Augusta, Maine.

WANTED Men to travel and sell goods to dealers. No peddling. $80 a month, hotel and traveling expenses paid. MONITOR MANUFACTURING Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

$350 A MONTH.—Agents wanted. 36 Best selling articles in the world. One sample free. Address J. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

THE LATEST FASHION.
"Whoever says that *I am not* a Reformer, I'll lamm him!"

GRAND RE-OPENING.
The Rag-Baby Pantomime again.

Union Adams.

BATHING DRESSES, SHOES, CAPS, &c., &c.

847 BROADWAY,
Just South of Union Square.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.
HENRY HOE, SOLE AGENT, 91 John St., N. Y.

HAY FEVER And Nasal Catarrh. Immediate relief and sure cure sent by mail on receipt of $1. DR. GIMEL, P. O. Box 318, Yonkers, N. Y.

Special Announcement.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
FOR THE
PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN
AND
THE CENTENNIAL.

JULY 1 to NOVEMBER 11, inclusive,
20 WEEKS, FOR $1 50:
POSTAGE PREPAID.

Profusely Illustrated by Campaign Pictures, Nast's Cartoons, Views of the Centennial Exhibition, Portraits, Caricatures, &c., &c.

Persons desiring to have HARPER'S WEEKLY *from the opening of the Centennial Exhibition (May 10, 1876), previous to the first of July, can obtain it by remitting ten cents for each of the back numbers.*

☞ **CHARLES READE**, the most popular of living authors, will contribute to *Harper's Weekly* a series of short, illustrated stories, each complete in one number, under the general title of "Good Stories of Man and Other Animals." This series began in the *Weekly* for June 17.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

THE GRAND UNION HOTEL,

Saratoga Springs,

IS NOW OPEN FOR GUESTS.

During the past season **large additions and improvements have been made, with New and Elegant Furniture,** *&c., &c.*
THE SPACIOUS DINING HALL has been extended, *and* **is now Two Hundred and Seventy-five feet in length. BATHS** *have been introduced throughout the hotel,* **and each room is supplied, through pipes, with pure, cold, and delicious spring water,** *from a fresh water spring on the premises.*
With large and airy rooms, furnished luxuriously, a table supplied with every delicacy, *attendants selected with special reference to their qualifications,* **Elegant New Ball-room, &c., &c.,** *it is believed that this hotel presents attractions not to be found elsewhere.*

HENRY CLAIR, WM. WILKINSON, } Managers.

Palisades Mountain House,

Englewood-Cliffs-on-the-Hudson,
45 minutes by steamboat from foot of Harrison Street, at 4 and 5 P.M. NOW OPEN.
D. S. HAMMOND, Englewood, N. J.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.
☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

$1. Send One Dollar for the Pocket Edition of **Webster's Dictionary**
Contains 18,000 Words, Rules of Spelling, Tables of Money, Weights and Measures; Abbreviations, Words, Phrases, Proverbs, &c., from the Greek, the Latin, and the Modern Languages. Morocco Tucks, Gilt Edges. By Mail on receipt of $1.00.
IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR, & CO.,
138 and 140 Grand St., New York.

A GREAT OFFER! **DURING this month we will dispose** *of* **100 new** *and* **second-hand PIANOS** *and* **ORGANS of first-class makers,** *including* **WATERS', at lower prices than ever before offered.**
PIANOS AND ORGANS.—We are prepared to offer PIANOS AND ORGANS, new and second-hand, of first-class makers, including WATERS', at prices so astonishingly low, for cash or on installments, that the poorest need not be without a good instrument. People must have a good deal for a little money, and HORACE WATERS & SONS, 481 Broadway, New York, *are now selling splendid instruments for a little money.* SEND FOR CATALOGUES.

Fishing in American Waters.
By GENIO C. SCOTT. New Edition, Enlarged and Improved. Contains over 200 Illustrations of Fishes, Tackle, and Fish Culture. Sent, postpaid, for $3 50.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

A Capital Book for Canvassers.

The Poets and Poetry of Scotland.

The Poets and Poetry of Scotland: from the Earliest to the Present Time. Comprising Characteristic Selections from the Works of the more Noteworthy Scottish Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices. By JAMES GRANT WILSON. With Portraits on Steel. To be completed in about twelve numbers, 8vo, price 75 cents each.

It is a very interesting and judiciously-made collection, and its value is increased by the brief notices which are given of the poets and their works.—*Spectator*, London.

Altogether the book seems so well and solidly done that, if we are not much mistaken, it will find a place for itself, and bring to many a new source of pure and elevating enjoyment.—*Nonconformist*, London.

We can congratulate Mr. Wilson on the admirable selection he has made from the works of eminent Scottish bards.—*John Bull*, London.

Will prove of service to the student of poetry.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, London.

The only fault we have to find is that we wish that there was much more of it.—*Graphic*, London.

The selections thoroughly illustrate the power of the various poets from whom they are taken. The portraits are unusually good, and the biographical sketches clear and comprehensive.—*Notes and Queries*, London.

This is a carefully compiled and at the same time a most comprehensive selection from the poets and poetry of Scotland. It is the best collection we have seen, and the work is well worthy of a place in the library of all who admire Scottish poets and their poetry.—*Weekly Review*, London.

The book is thoroughly well done; the selections are made with taste and judgment; the very best pieces of the poets are invariably selected.—*Art Journal*, London.

The first six numbers are now ready. Six fine portraits on steel of Joanna Baillie, William Drummond, of Hawthornden, Allan Ramsay, the Rev. John Skinner, Robert Tannahill, and Robert Burns.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Sold by Subscription. Agents Wanted.

☞ It is suggested that in places where there is no agent for the work, persons desiring to purchase it should make direct application, with remittance, to the publishers, who will send any of the numbers by mail or express, to any part of the United States or Canada, postage or freight free, on receipt of the price.

STILL ANOTHER REDUCTION.

Waltham Watches

At lower prices than ever before.
OUR REDUCED PRICE-LIST NOW READY.

We continue to send single Watches by Express to any place, no matter how remote, with bill to collect on delivery, with privilege to the purchaser to open the package and examine the Watch before paying, and with no obligation to take it unless it is perfectly satisfactory.

Write for the Price-List, which is sent free to all.
☞ *Mention in your letter or Postal Card that advertisement was seen in Harper's Weekly.* Address
HOWARD & CO.,
No. 222 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Do You DO YOUR OWN Printing?

If not, why? A few dollars will buy an Excelsior Portable Press, Type, Ink, all complete, simply arranged, with which Cards, Labels, Envelopes, Billheads, Circulars, Etc., can be printed at QUARTER printers' prices. It *pays* **and is pleasant to have your own printing apparatus. Send 6 cts. (two stamps) for full, illustrated catalogue, to the Manufacturers,**
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.
Presses $3. and upwards.

SAVE $20.00
BUY THE WORLD RENOWNED
WILSON
SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST FIRST CLASS MACHINE IN THE WORLD
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE
AGENTS WANTED
FOR UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY TO WHOM WE OFFER UNPRECEDENTED INDUCEMENTS. FOR FULL PARTICULARS, TERMS &c., ADDRESS WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., CHICAGO. 827 & 829 BROADWAY, N.Y., OR NEW ORLEANS.

Harper's New and Enlarged Catalogue

WITH A COMPLETE ANALYTICAL INDEX,
sent by mail on receipt of TEN CENTS.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

EXCELSIOR Printing Presses
"Lowest Priced and BEST."
Do Your Own Printing!
$3 Press for cards, labels, envelopes, etc. Larger sizes for larger work.
Business Men do their printing and advertising, save money and increase trade. Pleasure and profit in **Amateur Printing.** The Girls or **Boys** have great fun and make money fast at printing. Send two stamps for full catalogue of presses, type, etc., to the Manufacturers,
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

SITTING BULL.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE FAMOUS SIOUX CHIEF.

EDITED BY PORTE CRAYON.

SITTING BULL AS AN ARTIST.

A HISTRIONIC SAVAGE.

EVER since the year 1492 the aboriginal American has been a subject of peculiar and romantic interest to his brethren of the European stock. Travelers have described his external life and habits from every imaginable point of view. Philosophers have speculated on his origin and destiny, with fancies untrammeled by knowledge. Poets and romancers have exaggerated both his virtues and his crimes, as artists and dramatists have travestied the barbaric splendor of his attire and the dignity of his speech and deportment. Sculptors and post traders have chiseled him atrociously; he has been alternately converted by missionaries and murdered by frontiers-men, swindled by treaties and bullied by soldiers, until he has been gradually elbowed out of all the available hunting grounds on earth, and driven into the central deserts of the continent, where, while waiting for the happy hunting grounds of futurity, he must in the mean time either starve or steal.

Now a starving heathen is not likely to reason very nicely concerning the rights of property. Among the whites, on the other hand (according to the peculiar tenet of the party that happens to be out of office), "stealing is unconstitutional." Hence it is easy to foresee, ere another centennial volume is added to our national history, there will be nothing left of the noble red man but a case of flint arrow-heads, stone hatchets, and moth-eaten trappings at the Smithsonian.

We are justified in doubting whether the Quakers can suggest any plan which will avert or even retard this inevitable result.

It is historically evident that the simple-minded aboriginal was honeyfugled out of Pennsylvania by the amiable astuteness of its founders about as thoroughly and rapidly as he was preached out of New England by the twanging orthodoxy of the Puritans, or driven from Virginia by the reckless steel and gunpowder of the Cavaliers.

Oppressed by an exacting and intolerant civilization which he can not accept in any form presented to him, an encroaching power which he has never been able successfully to resist, the Indian of the plains at this day hunts, feasts, dances, starves, steals, fights, and scalps as did his fathers on the shores of the Atlantic when first discovered by European adventurers. And although he seems to have abandoned the habit of roasting his prisoners (a common usage of those honored ancestors), it is doubtless because of the scarcity of fuel in his present ranges, rather than from any amelioration of sentiment, operated by contact with the Christian settlers of our ever-extending frontiers. Unchanged in faith as in habits, the red man sees the deadly circle closing around him, struggling savagely to the last, and still sustained by the sublime hope of rejoining those fathers

"In the islands of the Blessed,
In the kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the Hereafter."

If we can not help it, we must at least acknowledge there is some poetry in the people who have bequeathed all these grand and beautiful names to our rivers, lakes, and mountains, names rich with traditional significance, excelling the ancient Greek in sonorous dignity, vying with the modern Tuscan in musical sweetness. That there must be some inherent greatness of soul in that race whose savage pride has matched the relentless bigotry of the all-conquering Englishman, and in the three centuries of unequal and hopeless war has not furnished a single slave to flatter the victor's triumph.

Our personal acquaintance with the aboriginal races has been neither extensive nor profound. In youth we gazed with absorbing interest at the carved effigies standing in front of tobacconists' shops, and gloated over FORREST in *Metamora*. We have seen the Apollo Belvedere, that reminded BENJAMIN WEST of a young Mohawk, and believe implicitly in the story of Captain JOHN SMITH and POCAHONTAS, which some folks are silly enough to doubt.

We have also read *The Last of the Mohegans*, and have occasionally seen deputations of real red men led around Washington city by white agents, as stalking-horses for beggary and fraud: poor devils bedecked with cheap beads, brass trinkets, and feather dusters, looking dazed and foolish in the broad sunlight, like a company of tallow-dip actors off their stage; pilfering gimlets and tinsel gewgaws from retail shops; bumming for drinks in saloons, where they were tolerated as bait to attract thirsty *gobe-mouches* from the sidewalks: wild horsemen of the desert, afoot and mazed in city streets, cowering in awe and dread, not so much at the evidences of superior power and knowledge in the great capital as at the sublimity of humbug, impudence, and rascality so far exceeding their own childish conceptions.

CHILDHOOD.

To respect the lion, one must meet him in his native jungle. The nearest we ever approached the subject was three years ago, while "laying off" at a station on the Union Pacific Railroad not far from the Pawnee Reservation. The élite of this tribe had been lately massacred by their traditional enemies, the Sioux, and numerous stragglers from head-quarters had set up their gypsy encampments along the line of civilization, where, by begging, borrowing, and picking up superfluities, they managed to eke out a miserable existence, sustained by the hope of vengeance and better times. The most of those we saw, men, women, and children, were poor, squalid-looking creatures, doubtless the refuse of the tribe, resembling tame wolves sneaking about seeking what they might devour.

They had secured the carcass of a yearling calf, killed that morning by the train, and having devoured the lighter portions at once and without much discrimination, had sliced up the solid meat, and were drying it in the sun, to make what we might call "jerked veal." Pending this process, some squatted and dozed, while others slept, stretched at length upon the ground.

Perceiving a stranger watching their proceedings with apparent interest, one of the party approached the platform where we stood, and, after a civil salutation, commenced stroking our feet (neatly incased in French calf-skin) with his horny hands, exclaiming, "Little, little, little moccasin!" then, glancing at his own home-made wares, "Ingin moccasin much big—much big."

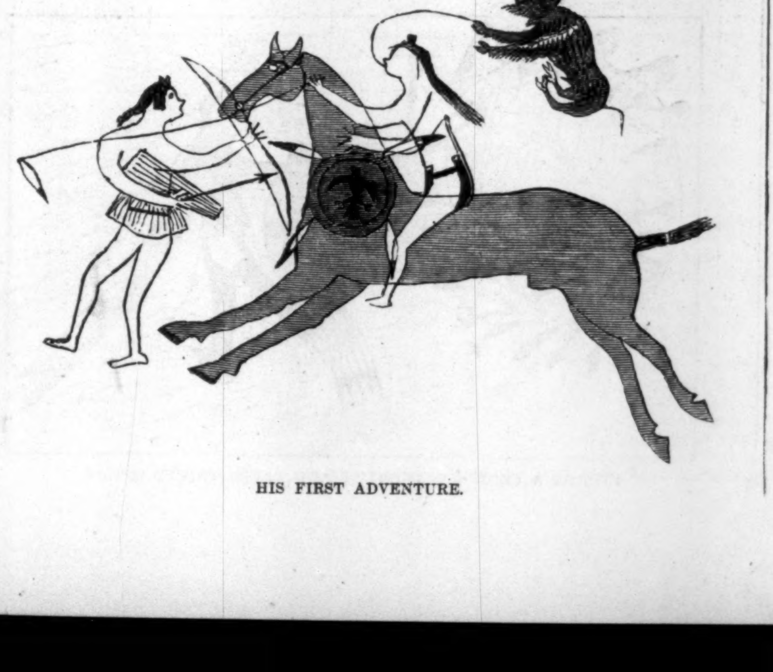
We could not make out whether the old rogue had accosted us with the hope of trading shoes or whether he had shrewdly penetrated the white man's vanity, so, to make sure of the compliment, we dropped a ten-cent note into his hand. This he recognized with a grateful pressure of the hand, accompanied by an emphatic "Good!" and at once hurried off to arouse the sleepers of his party, and, with some clucking gutturals, looks, and gestures, gave them to understand he had found a soft white man, and they must hurry up and realize. Two dirty braves, three squaws, and half a dozen little boys bustled up, like chicks responding to Papa Rooster's cluck when he has unearthed a worm. Our package of ten-cent notes was speedily distributed, followed by an ejaculatory chorus of "Good! good! good!" a general shake-hands, and then, in Indian file, headed by the ancient, they struck a bee-line for the nearest store. Returning presently, they lighted a fire under a clump of willows, put on their camp kettle, and began to prepare for a meal.

Curious to continue our observations, we again approached the party, when the old man invited us to a seat on his spread blanket. We accepted, and after a few friendly whiffs from his proffered pipe, we tried to carry on a conversation with the very limited stock of words common to both, profusely illustrated by grimaces, imitative sounds, and pantomime. Meanwhile the women bustled about the fire like notable housewives acquainted with their business. Numerous slices of veal were frizzling on the coals, and every body (cooks included) was chewing and sucking at a strip of half-cooked veal, and watching the kettle where coffee was brewing. The recipe may be worth preserving for the benefit of some of our numerous Centennial Cookery Books: one table-spoonful of ground coffee made of chiccory or condemned army biscuit roasted, one pound of very brown sugar, two gallons of water; boil together twenty minutes, and serve in tin cups. It doesn't stimulate much, but helps to fill up.

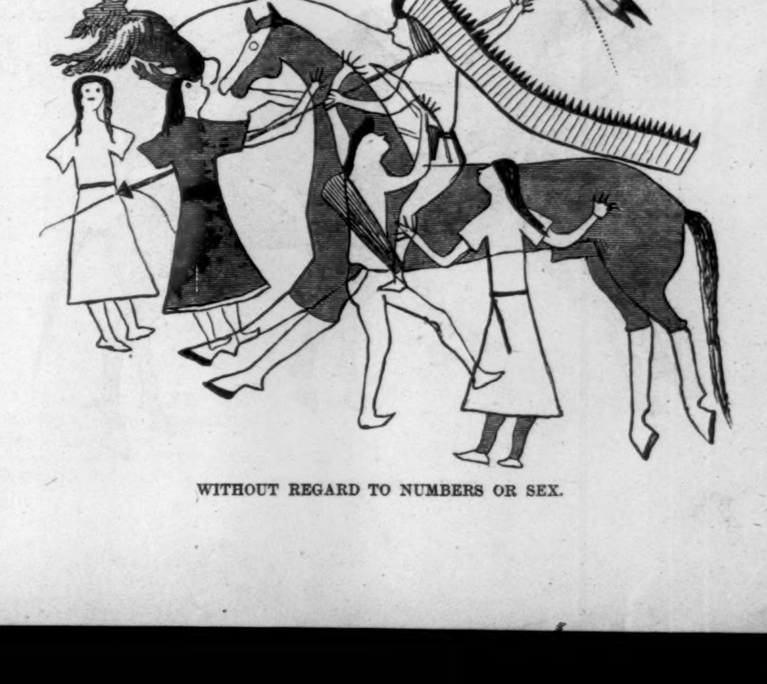
At length our aboriginal entertainer struck upon a theme which developed his conversational faculties to the utmost. We discoursed of the recent massacre of his people. It seems the great Pawnee chief entitled THE SKY, with a number of his warriors, had organized a buffalo hunt. Their plans were brilliantly successful, and a hundred or more fat buffaloes were slain. This work of glory and excitement accomplished, the men retired, as is their custom, to smoke and brag over their exploits, while the women and children rushed forward, rejoicing, to skin, cut up, and prepare the meat for the coming feast. The Sioux, who claimed the hunting grounds thus invaded, had lain in wait with a strong war party until their rivals, impeded with their game and their families, lay completely at their mercy. Then they came down upon them, howling, "like the wolf on the fold," slaying men, women, and children in indiscriminate massacre. The chief, true to his high name and position, sprung to arms, and, with his chosen braves, made a gallant but vain resistance. They fell among the carcasses of the slaughtered buffaloes, squaws, and papooses. A few escaped, and fled to tell the dismal story to the remainder of the tribe.

As the old man warmed up with his story, his voice sounded like the wild wind howling through a pine forest. The traditional impassiveness of his race had all gone.

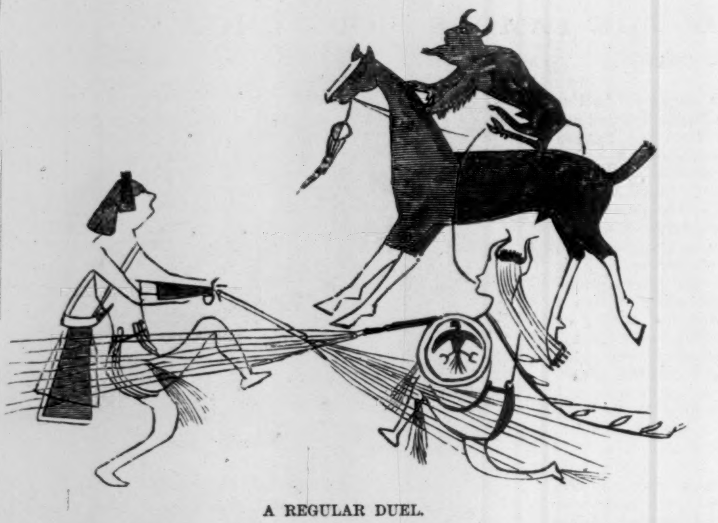
"The stoic of the woods, the man without a tear,"



HIS FIRST ADVENTURE.



WITHOUT REGARD TO NUMBERS OR SEX.



A REGULAR DUEL.

SCALPS A TEAMSTER.

was a fiction of the poet. The orator's lips quivered, his eyes melted; swaying his body to and fro, he beat his breast and groaned in agony of spirit.

THE SKY was a great and good chief, beloved of his tribe, the white man's faithful friend. He always carried a tract or good writing (the gift of a worthy missionary) reverently tied about his neck as a "medicine" to bring him good luck in the chase and numerous scalps in the foray. He never killed babies, except it might be those of the accursed Sioux. Do we inquire the age or sex of serpents? They deserved no mercy. They violated solemn truces, treacherously crept upon their neighbors unwarned and unprepared, shot them down with their peaceful pipes in their mouths, ruthlessly murdered little toddling children, and mothers with the suckling babes at their backs. The Sioux were bad—bad—bad. The old man's vocabulary was too limited, and he raised his clinched hands to heaven as if imploring aid to express himself. We suggested some expletives, which he accepted with grateful relief. "Yes," he shouted vehemently, "Sioux dam bad rascal!" The company had drawn closer round us during this recital, pointing it with frequent ejaculations of approval and sympathy. The squaws left their cooking, and joining the circle of mourners, beat their breasts and lifted up their voices to swell the wail of grief and indignation.

The whole scene was dramatic as the story, and strangely recalled those brave old days when our enlightened British ancestors delighted in similar excitement—the days when heroic deeds and bloody strifes were the theme of fireside traditions and the minstrel's song.

"God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall.
To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl PERCY took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day."

We took leave and went our way, crooning over the old ballad with a feeling of brotherly sympathy for the red man we had never felt before. *En route* for the station we met two young warriors, apparently quite fresh from the chase or the war-path—tall, athletic fellows, draped in flaming red blankets, and armed with their native bows and arrows. Their deportment was calm and majestic; their features seemed cast in red bronze; a ferocious subtlety gleamed in their small snaky eyes; their shaven heads, bristling with the defiant scalp-lock, resembled crested helmets—the very ideals of Indian romances. They had doubtless come down to the settlements to prog around for guns and ammunition to kill Sioux with whenever a convenient opportunity should offer.

Entering a store near at hand, we wished to purchase some curiosities to carry home with us. A sullen-looking lounger voluntarily stepped behind the counter, and unhooking from a nail something that we took for a bunch of chignons, threw it down before us.

"There's an Ingin gimcrack (not much of a curiosity out here, neither) which you can examine and write about when you go East."

We shuddered on recognizing a string of dried scalps, whose long blonde silken tresses told the tragic story of some white settler's wife and daughters.

"Did the Sioux take these?" we asked.

"Don't know in particular," replied the stranger. "But what matter—ain't all Ingins of one color?"

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" There's a conundrum for the Quakers.

Latterly our interest in the subject has been revived by the perusal of a curious pictorial record from the hand of a famous Sioux chieftain, who graphically depicts the ups and downs, the aims, ambitions, and successes, of life from the red man's own stand-point.

As the lion himself has now turned carver, his work demands our respectful and impartial consideration.

SITTING BULL—the *nom de guerre* of this notorious personage—is a chief of the Unkpapa tribe of the Sioux nation, inhabiting the country about the Yellowstone and Powder rivers. He first gained renown in border history by his exploits near Fort Buford, and ranging up and down the Missouri River for several hundred miles above and below that post. At the head of sixty or seventy warriors, from 1866 to 1870 he was the terror of mail-carriers, wood-choppers, scouts, and small parties that trusted themselves outside the fort in any direction. During that period he captured and destroyed the United States mail several times, besides killing and scalping Yankees enough to entitle him to a seat in Congress. It is also computed that he captured over two hundred head of cattle, to say nothing of horses, mules, and Indians of the neighboring tribes.

KILLS A CROW INDIAN.

About the year 1870 a collection of MS. drawings, put up in book form, bearing the autograph of SITTING BULL and exhibiting a record of his exploits and adventures, was brought into Fort Buford by a Yanktonnais Sioux, and sold for a dollar and fifty cents worth of provisions. When cross-questioned regarding the ownership of the book, the Indian shuffled and prevaricated so as to confirm the belief that he had stolen it from SITTING BULL himself. The authenticity of the work, with its general historical accuracy, is confirmed by Assistant-Surgeon JAMES C. KIMBALL, U.S.A., who, with the aid of interpreters, Indians, and others versed in the picture-language of the Northwestern tribes, wrote a detailed explanation of the scenes represented, accompanied by a brief sketch of the warrior-artist's life. The book was then forwarded to the Superintendent of the Army Medical Museum at Washington, who placed it in the hands of the present editor.

We have long been familiar with the rude artistic efforts of our Indians, as exhibited in their hieroglyphic figures carved on rocks, traced on birch bark and buffalo-robes, and tattooed on their own hides—productions in which the unskillfulness of the workman was exaggerated by the crudeness and imperfection of his tools and materials.

In the present instance, the lucky larceny of a quire of blank army rosters, a pen and ink from some murdered emigrant's cabin, brushes of a superior quality, deftly fashioned from some fair child's scalp-lock, have stimulated the genius of our red brother to higher flights than ever before attempted by his race. But even in his malign and unfriendly contact with our civilization, rifling mail-bags and dead soldiers' pockets, he could scarcely have missed laying hands on some pictorial magazine or newspaper with the inevitable prize chromo inclosed. As we have seen professing Christians who were pleased with these things, we can readily imagine how this godless heathen must have gloated over the gorgeous prizes, and feel assured we can perceive the results of his chromatic studies in the lively coloring of the pictures now before us.

The series consists of fifty-five designs, drawn on the blank side of printed rosters of the Thirty-first United States Infantry, of uniform size (about eight by ten inches), clearly outlined with a pen and a brown ink resembling sepia. There is no attempt at shading, but the outlines are filled in with flat tints, very crudely laid on, with red and blue chalk, yellow ochre, green, and the same brown ink or pigment used in the outlines. The coloring, which is quite appropriate in the dress and trappings of the human figures, is rather florid in the animals. Thus while there seems to be great care in showing the characteristic spots and markings of the horses and mules, the sorrels are represented with bright yellow, the grays with blue, the bays red, and the browns and blacks with the aforesaid brown ink.

This coloring, however, serves to impart life and meaning to the designs, to relieve the groupings from confusion, and is sometimes so arranged as to produce quite an artistic effect of chiaro-oscuro. It may be further noted that there is no attempt at foreshortening, the objects and figures being all shown in flat profile, and, without exception, all looking and moving in the same direction, that is, from right to left.

Of all the objects presented by the artist, the figure of the buffalo bull is elaborated with the most intelligent and loving minuteness. The horses and mules are drawn with a free and well-assured hand, with a tendency to mannerism, relieved somewhat by distinctive character in color, markings, and details. He is least happy in his delineations of the human figure, draperies, and accoutrements, although in some scenes his attitudes are spirited and his costumes sufficiently marked to enable us to identify the sex and country of those who have had the honor to sit for their portraits to this distinguished limner.

As the lisping utterances of a child, moved with budding thought and struggling with the difficulties of expression, are often more suggestive and entertaining than the polished fluency of the orator, so in the infancy of all art there is a rude and laborious sincerity of purpose, a simple and earnest appeal to our indulgent understanding, which often interests and impresses more profoundly than those masterpieces where skillful manipulation and technical facility outstrip the thought and soul of the workman.

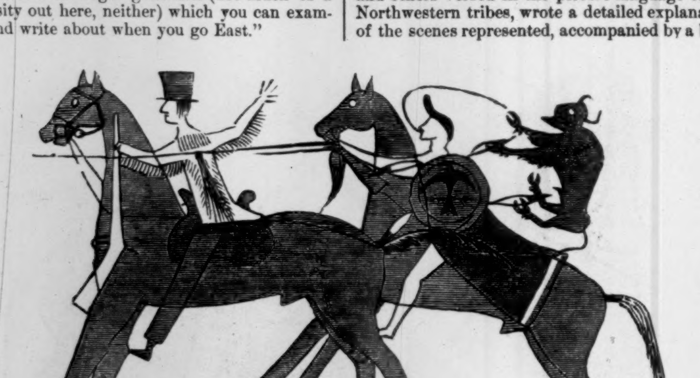
In the work before us we recognize the endeavor of a skill-less, child-like hand to delineate the fierce passions and heroic deeds of turbulent manhood, and in this peculiar combination of the baby artist and the savage warrior will be found the principal interest of our pictured record.

In reproducing the work, the drawings have been reduced by photography, and carefully traced on wood, that nothing of the artistic artlessness of the originals should be lost. Nevertheless, the very process of reduction ameliorates in some degree the rudeness and uncertainty of the draughtsman's touch; while, on the other hand, the vivacity and relief imparted by the coloring of the originals are lost in the monotone of the wood-cut.

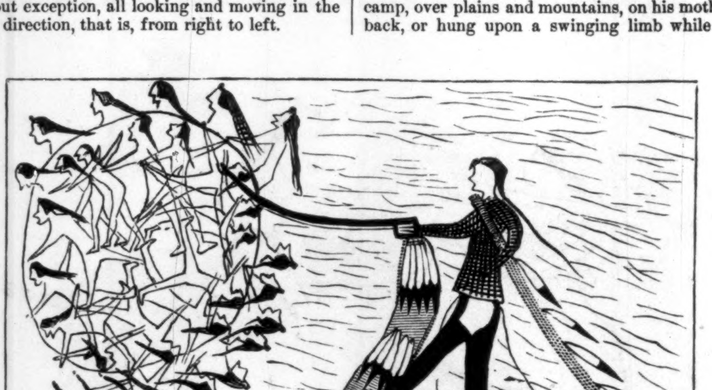
Like all early history, even of the most religious and cultured nations, this is but a concatenation of rapine and murder; and as the glories even of stealing and scalping may become stale by repetition, we have reproduced but fifteen of the fifty-five pictures, selecting such as in our judgment exhibited the author in the best light both as an artist and an Indian warrior.

Following the example of other illustrious heroes, such as XENOPHON, CÆSAR, FREDERICK the Great, Sir CHARLES NAPIER, and General SHERMAN, who have first made history and have then written it, SITTING BULL has given us only that portion of his career which belonged to the general history of his day. Yet it is to be regretted that these great actors in the drama of life have not more frequently condescended to preface their memoirs with some chapters detailing the recollections, incidents, and experiences of their childhood and youth—of the manners and customs, accidents, precepts, scenic and personal surroundings, which have formed and influenced the character which has afterward become famous.

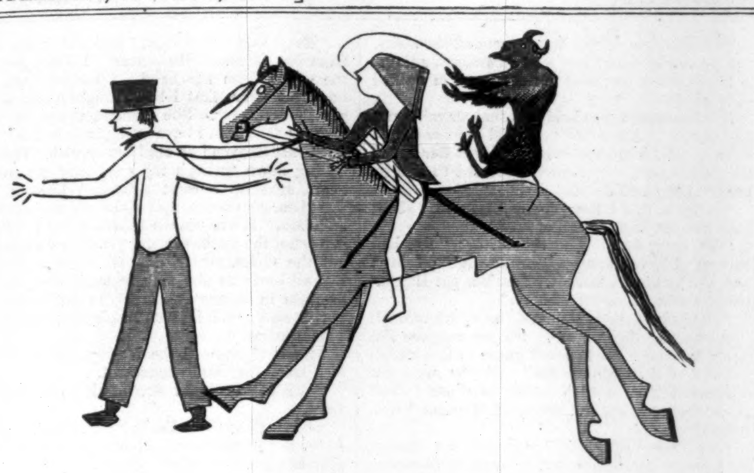
It would have furnished a charming introduction to the present work if our artist-hero, in his graphic language, had given us some recollections of his early career. How, as a chubby babe, he was bound to a board and carried from camp to camp, over plains and mountains, on his mother's back, or hung upon a swinging limb while she



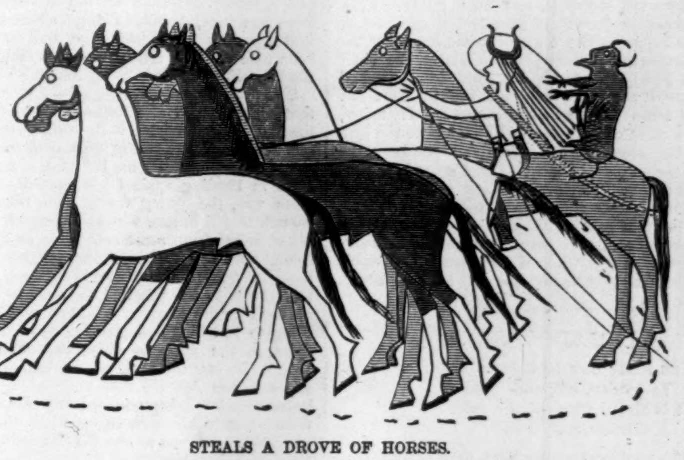
KILLS A FRONTIERS-MAN.



STORMS A CROW ENCAMPMENT AND TAKES THIRTY SCALPS.



COUNTS COUP ON AN IRISHMAN.



STEALS A DROVE OF HORSES.

built the fire and cooked the rude but savory meals for his warrior ancestor; how he learned the lessons of his coming life, waiting in stolid patience for his share of the pot, fiercely disputing his roasted nubbin with the jay-birds, or contending with hungry crows for the strip of jerked buffalo meat clinched in his little fist; how, when a toddling boy, with his bow and blunted arrows, practicing on prairie-dogs and jackass-rabbits, he attained that deadly skill which has since made his name a terror to his enemies; how his bronzed bosom swelled with pride as he brought home his first antelope (rent from the jaws of a sneaking wolf) and laid it at his mother's feet; how, with eager ears and burning soul, he heard the tales of war and rapine told around the camp fires at the conclusion of each successful hunt or bloody foray; and when grown to the verge of manhood, how he hid himself away in a lonesome cave, and remained there starving and dreaming until he heard the voice of the Great Spirit bidding him choose the eagle as his "medicine;" how, enraptured with the lofty omen, he returned to his lodge and was enrolled among the warriors of his tribe; how his father, now grown old in labors and honors, yielded him his own "war name" of SITTING BULL; and how, as he rode forth on his first foray, his pious mother blessed him, and prayed to the Great Manitou that her boy might become a mighty horse-stealer, and wear garments fringed with the scalps of his enemies.

These things our biographer has left untold, and we can only surmise them as in accordance with the customs and traditions of his people.

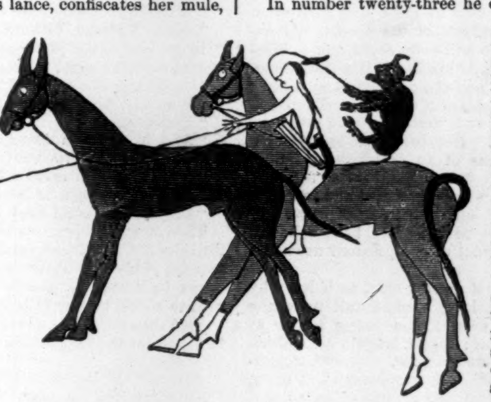
It is not until he has been admitted into the Indians' order of knighthood, and begun to justify the promises of his youth, that our hero begins his record.

In the first scene he appears as a young man just starting out in life, without reputation, and unadorned with feathers or fringes. His own scalp-lock stands up like the comb of a game-cock or a chip on a school-boy's hat—touch it who dare! He is mounted on a bobtailed sorrel, very possibly a borrowed animal (as he has not yet been in the horse business on his own account). On his left arm he carries a round buckler made of buffalo's hide, bearing his totem or coat of arms—a black eagle on an azure field. In his right hand is his poised lance. Burning with eager ambition, he spies a moving figure in the distance. Here is an opening adventure. When a young brave is on the war-path in the desert, the chances are that he will find an enemy and legitimate spoil in any living thing he meets. The stranger is on foot, and the merciless rider soon overtakes him, recognizes one of the traditional enemies of his tribe, and ere the unlucky Crow can turn and fit an arrow to his bow, the young brave shouts his war-cry, counts "coup" on him, and belts his scalp. The war-cry, an imitation of the bellowing of the *Bos urus*, is poetically symbolized by a scroll proceeding from the warrior's mouth, terminating in the figure of a buffalo bull sitting on his haunches.

The word "coup," adopted from the French, is in common use among the Sioux Indians, and signifies the striking an enemy with a coup stick, whip, or any weapon of war, whereby he is slain or captured, and counted as the game of the striker by the laws of the plains. It is also applied to horses, mules, cattle, and animals of the chase, stolen or killed, which may be enumerated among the trophies of a warrior. Encouraged doubtless by the success of this first adventure, our hero's next combat is of a more chivalric character, for he meets a Crow on horseback, bearing a shield with black and blue quarterings, and armed with a gun. The Crow probably fires hurriedly and misses his aim, then turns to fly, but falls by the inevitable lance.

Another Crow warrior in a pink striped shirt, and armed with a bow, while dodging and squirming to avoid the blow, receives his adversary's thrust through the body, and yields his scalp.

We may presume that with these preliminary encounters our young hero has acquired sufficient nerve and self-possession for his next fight, which is with a Crow woman, unarmed and astride a mule. He treats this lady with a manly and philosophic impartiality which will be gratifying to the advocates of woman's social and political equality. As she turns on her palfrey to pierce him with her flashing eyes, at the same time endeavoring to lasso him with her beseeching arms, he adroitly shuns these dangerous ruses, thrusts her through with his lance, confiscates her mule, and takes her scalp as a chignon for his lady-love.



AN INCREDIBLE TAIL.

Having covered himself with glory by these exploits, especially the last, he now appears in a martial head-dress worthy of his renown and of the fresh harvest of honor he is about to reap. This time he engages a Crow chieftain armed with a bow, and three women, doubtless his wives. Unawed by sex or numbers, our hero rushes upon the party; stunning two of the women with his mighty war-cry, he finishes them with his spear, then kills the husband, as we may suppose, and leads the survivor home by a picket rope to hoe corn for him.

In number six, SITTING BULL in his grand war dress, and armed with a gun, meets a Crow on foot as well armed as himself. Distrusting the steadiness of his aim on horseback, he leaps to the ground, leaving his symbolical effigy to take care of his horse, and meets his enemy in a fair face-to-face duel. Both kneel and fire at the word. SITTING BULL receives three wounds, in the buckler arm, the calf of the left leg, and the right heel. The Crow is mortally wounded by a shot through the loins and loses his scalp, which appears swinging to the victor's bridle bit.

So he goes on from one adventure to another, the scenes varying in detail, but exhibiting the same leading idea, until in number eleven we find he has flushed higher game than Crows and Gros-Ventre Indians, and is engaged hand to hand with one of Uncle Sam's recruits, recognizable by his hat, tunic, and blue breeches. SITTING BULL, on horseback, with his brother behind him, counts "coup" on the soldier, and adds a new feather to his war bonnet and variety to the color of his legging fringes.

It never rains but it pours, and our hero with his band soon meets a party of whites in battle. Although SITTING BULL and his antagonist are the only figures represented, the fury of the action is shown by numerous pen marks over the field of the picture, indicating the flight of arrows and bullets. In this fight he charges the enemy with his usual spirit, and sends an arrow through the body and lungs of a retreating soldier. Mortally wounded, with the blood spouting from his breast, back, and mouth at the same time, the soldier turns and delivers his last shot, wounding his slayer in the hip, which, judging from the flow of blood, must have been a damaging and dangerous hurt. But our red brethren have tough hides and mighty healing flesh; so he soon re-appears, clad in the coat of his late victim, with a red bandana over his head, which he doubtless found in the pocket of the coat. He counts "coup" on a white man in blue breeches and shirt sleeves, apparently unarmed and trying to escape. He has probably found this sport more profitable than plucking "Crows" or ripping up Gros-Ventres. So we have sixteen consecutive pictures of his exploits among the pale-faces in the vicinity of Fort Buford. These scenes are so little varied in treatment that we have omitted all except half a dozen which exhibit some distinctions in character and costume.

BAGS A BEARER OF DISPATCHES.

In number twenty-three he overtakes a frontiers-man in a buckskin coat gay with fringes, mounted on a Mexican saddle, and armed with a rifle. He spoils the rider's flashy vestment, and takes his scalp.

SITTING BULL, tickled with his recent capture, has the buckskin coat washed and mended, and wears it in the next engagement, where he scalps a mule-driver, and gets his animal, blind bridle, halter, saddle, and all.

Soon after, with his heavy whip, he counts "coup" on a soldier dressed in a blue army overcoat, with his rifle strapped behind him. The white man resembles a bearer of dispatches, and seems to have been completely surprised.

Armed and equipped from the spoils of his enemies, and mounted on a spirited bobtailed bay, SITTING BULL has a revolver duel with a soldier, and, as usual, gets his scalp.

At this point in our hero's career, piqued by some internal reflection or external suggestion, he takes a new departure. Hitherto he has wrought and fought for honor alone. Covered with scalps and glory, he is also scarred with wounds and battered with hardships. He begins to feel his dignity weighted down by poverty. His squaws are scarcely as well dressed as those of some young Yenadizze with never a scar on his breast nor a trophy to his girdle. One of his mother's-in-law has probably called his attention to this fact.

He determines, in consequence, to repose for a while on his laurels and devote himself to some more profitable business. The Indian of the plains has but little choice in the way of occupation. Agriculture is a farce, since cultivation kills out the buffalo grass and wild sage, the only crops his lands will produce. He is not fitted for mercantile pursuits, for when he and his squaws go in to the post traders laden with peltries and trinkets, they return drunk and naked, without enough of arithmetic in their heads to understand how it came about. Stealing is the only civilized business for which the red man seems to have any natural aptitude, and by which he can hope to make an honorable living.

SITTING BULL remembers the prayer of his pious mother, and goes into the horse business. In the next twelve pictures, from numbers twenty-seven to thirty-eight inclusive, he is seen bringing in his spoils by ones, twos, threes, and by droves, occasionally fighting a battle or taking a scalp to secure his ventures.

As "practice makes perfect" in all departments, it may be observed that our hero's artistic sense seems to have been sharpened and developed by his present career. He has learned to take off horses and mules with greater facility and precision than formerly, giving special attention to the individuality of his animals, as exhibited in form, color, marks, and carriage of the tail. Among his captures we recognize steeds branded on hip and shoulder with an S, which is supposed to stand for United States, and indicates their former ownership.

The composition of some of his driving scenes is worthy of the antique, and will compare favorably with the Elgin Marbles. Number thirty-eight is an average specimen, selected from half a dozen equally striking. From the tracks represented we suppose there was snow on the ground at the time of the capture. This is also our hero's last appearance in the character in which he is first introduced to us.

His continued successes have quenched emulation and silenced envy. In the next picture he appears as chief of the band of Strong Hearts, *crème de la crème* of Indian chivalry, like King ARTHUR's knights of the Round Table, or, in phraseology more appropriate to our own time, a "ring" in the scalp-taking and horse-stealing business. So great is this new dignity, that it elevates our hero above the savage vanities of horns, feathers, and fringes.

So awful and mysterious are its responsibilities that even his roaring bull and sacred totem are discarded; at least we see no more of them in the pictures. Thereafter he is painted naked, with a skimpy head-gear more quaint than becoming, a rope neck-tie, which in a civilized country might be considered a well-merited distinction for the wearer, but is in reality only a spare slip-noose to bind his prisoners with. On his heels he wears strips of dried buffalo's hide as spurs or flappers to rouse his horse to speed and action. In his right hand he bears a mighty bow with a lance head on one end, and so heavily ornamented that it can be of little avail as an offensive weapon. This is the symbol of his high office, his truncheon of command, his *baton de maréchal*, and henceforth he appears without other arms.

With this sudden and radical change in our hero's paraphernalia, titles, and blazonries, we might naturally expect some corresponding change in the current of his history. But there is nothing of the sort. The succeeding scenes are only stale repetitions of the horse-stealing and throat-cutting adventures of which the book is made up—rather less picturesque and attractive, as lacking the gayer costumes and feathered pomp of the earlier designs. They lose nothing, however, in artistic merit, and toward the end there is a *razzia* of mules (probably a night scene) which for strength and breadth of effect would not dishonor DORÉ.

The series ends with two scenes which serve to vary the growing monotony of the record and bring the story to a brilliant dramatic conclusion. The mighty and dreaded chief of the Strong Hearts, at the head of his band, assails an intrenched camp of the Crows. The attack is fierce and persistent, the defense desperate and stubborn; the fire is heavy, and the air darkened with deadly missiles. But we presume the assailants fail to carry the place, as no trophies appear.

The next depicts a well-known historical event which took place in the winter of 1869–70. Our chieftain and his band light upon another Crow

FINIS.